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The Week

WE TRUST that the conviction of the seven unionists in Gastonia for second-degree murder in the case of the shooting of Chief of Police Aderholt will be promptly appealed, and will be carried to the highest courts which it can reach. The main ground of the appeal ought to be, of course, the ruling of Judge Barnhill that, according to a seldom invoked state law passed in 1777, the testimony of a witness can be impeached if he does not believe in a personal and punishing God. In adhering to this absurd doctrine Judge Barnhill offset the fairness which he exhibited in most other respects during the trial. Whether or not the defendants were actually guilty of second-degree murder we are, at this juncture, incompetent to judge. Aderholt was, of course, shot by someone. It is certain, however, that the prosecution utilized every means, fair and foul, to "get" the accused regardless of their possible guilt, and because they were labor agitators and Communists. It is certain that the mill interests and a powerful section of public opinion were behind the prosecution in this endeavor. It is extremely likely that the jury was so influenced by the antics of the prosecutors and the pressure of the public that it did not lay sufficient weight on the evidence which tended to exculpate the condemned, or to give them justification in the plea of self defense. Certainly the state was unable to prove that any of them fired the fatal shot. Though we cannot say that Judge Barnhill acted the part of a second Judge Thayer, the trial in many aspects was a sorry travesty on that ideal of justice which assumes to accord to every suspect his deserts, regardless of his opinions and his position in life. The whole incident is a miserable flower of that narrow intolerance which leads to the necessity of labor struggles in the effort of workers to gain their rights, and gives rise to violence during their course.

BOTH the extreme principle that an atheist cannot testify in court, as advanced by Judge Shaw in the Gastonia kidnapping case, and Judge Barnhill's broader ruling that a man's testimony can be impeached before the jury because of his political or religious beliefs, suggest some interesting speculations. Obviously, both are based on the old idea that a witness is not reliable unless he believes in a God who punishes false swearing. This being the case, should a man who believes in a forgiving God be allowed to testify in North Carolina? Or a man who believes that he can do penance and be absolved for a lie? Or a very devout man, in cases involving his own church? Should belief in eternal damnation be demanded as a condition of all testimony? What shade of Communism or Socialism is necessary to impeach a witness? Moreover, by a strict application of these legal principles, might it not be possible to drive all Communists, atheists, agnostics, Socialists, and even Catholics and Unitarians from the state of North Carolina by flogging them at night, by demolishing their homes, by persecuting them in every fashion when there are no witnesses present except impeachable atheists, Communists, Catholics or Unitarians? . . . These are dangerous speculations, but none of them affected Solicitor John G. Carpenter as he continued his charge to the Gastonia jury. "Believing in God," he shouted, "believing in Paul, the God-fearing, law-abiding prosecution of this district of North

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Carolina gives to you its bleeding heart and tender sympathy."

THE farther we get from the emotional response created by the physical presence of the British Prime Minister on our shores, the more soberly we must confront the outlook for the naval conference which takes place in London next January. If the United States and Great Britain were the only two powers concerned, the chances of success would be good. Even for these two powers, there are still plenty of unsolved problems, but the progress made in the secret negotiations of the past few months, plus the favorable public sentiment created on both sides of the Atlantic by Mr. MacDonald's reception and his speeches, would probably be sufficient to close the gap. More serious difficulties, however, as has often been pointed out, are raised by France, Italy and Japan. France is opposed to the abolition of the submarine; France and Italy are likely to stand together in hostility to Great Britain's continued dominance of the Mediterranean; Japan wants an increase in her cruiser allotment from six-tenths to seven-tenths of our own. France professes to fear that Great Britain and the United States are seeking to whittle down the prestige of the League, and wants the results achieved at London to be only tentative until they are validated at Geneva—something to which the United States certainly would never consent. Preliminary conversations are to take place between various groups of powers—England and France, France and Italy, Japan and the United States—and it is hoped that some of the existing difficulties can be ironed out in the course of these discussions. But it would be dangerous to put too much reliance upon such hopes. If the London conference succeeds, it will be the most remarkable diplomatic achievement in many years.

THE importance President Hoover puts upon the work to be done in January is indicated by the membership of the American delegation. It will be headed by Secretary Stimson, who is second only to the President himself in the administration. He is a man of distinguished abilities and—what is almost equally important in the present case—he has a strong desire to see the conference a success. Ambassador Dawes is almost a compulsory choice, both because of his position as our official spokesman in London, and because of his part in the preliminary spadework. The choice of Ambassador Gibson, if his health makes it possible, is equally compulsory; during the past few years he has been America's professional conference goer. Mr. Hoover is imitating President Harding and putting on his delegation leading Republican and Democratic Senators, so that when the treaty or treaties come up for ratification they will not be without friends at court. Senator Robinson, the leader of the Democrats, was both an obvious choice and and a reasonably good selection on personal grounds. Senator Borah, as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, had to be offered a place even though it was a foregone conclusion that he would reject it. The significant thing is what happened after this refusal. Mr. Hoover passed over Senator Watson, the politically-minded nominal Republican whip. He passed over Senators Johnson and Moses, both of whom were entitled to consideration on a basis of seniority on the Foreign Relations Committee; they are both big-navy men who might reasonably be expected to take an anti-British attitude in a conference. He went down the Committee to its seventh member, Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, for the Republican senatorial representative at London. Senator Reed is certainly not a pacifist, on his record, but he is sufficiently moderate in his views on naval matters to make him acceptable as one of the spokesmen for the Administration's policy. Mr. Hoover is not afraid to violate precedent and set the Washington dovecotes in a turmoil in order to enhance the chances of success in the conference. It is an act of courage which is decidedly to his credit.

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG and other responsible Germans are wise in discouraging the attempt of the Nationalists to carry a plebiscite disavowing war guilt and condemning the Young plan. Germany is indeed not solely guilty of the War, but the share of guilt which she must bear is largely the result of the activities of the same sort of group in the nation's life which the Nationalists now compose; if these forces have their way, Germany may sometime have to bear at least a large part of the guilt of another war. The verdict of history on war guilt will be reached, not as a result of a German plebiscite, but as a result of the researches of impartial scholars. Likewise the practical consequences in international politics which have flowed from the assumption of sole German guilt cannot be influenced by anything the Nationalists and their sympathizers may do, but only by the logic of events. If reparations cannot be paid, time will reveal that fact; the Young plan will certainly have to be revised some day, but it would receive a wholly undeserved support outside of Germany if the Germans should now reject it. Germans have only to compare the situation their country occupies today with that which it suffered in 1919, in order to see what progress may be made by moderation and persuasion.

THE NEW Austrian cabinet has come forward with the long awaited proposals for revision of the constitution under which the country has been governed since the War. They amount to a revision of the form of government. If they are adopted, Austria will remain a republic, but with power so highly centralized in the presidency that a transition to dictatorship can be effected easily and almost unnoticeably. In times of "emergency"—a word which is not defined—the President would have the

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right to proclaim martial law, appoint and dismiss ministers, prorogue Parliament, issue decrees which would have the force of law, and impose a censorship on the press—in short, to constitute himself dictator. Even with Parliament sitting, he would be empowered to issue decrees over its head if it proved recalcitrant and he decided the situation warranted extreme action. Furthermore, Parliament's consent would no longer be necessary for the national budget, thus removing the standard guarantee of representative government. The President would be chosen by popular ballot, with a right of veto residing in Parliament. Most important of all, the city of Vienna, which hitherto has had the status of a federal state, and has been in effect autonomous, would be reduced to the status of a municipaliy, with the right to review its ordinances vested in the national government. Vienna, it should be noted, has one-third of the population of the country, is the Socialist stronghold and has been governed by the Social Democratic party since the War. It is the industrial and financial center of the country and the source of such vitality as Austria has had since it was so cruelly and senselessly truncated by the peace treaties.

IT IS NOT difficult to guess that the proposed revision is intended to curtail Socialist power in Austria. In any case, that will be the net effect. The policies and program of the city of Vienna, in which the majority of citizens are Socialists, will be subordinated, even in matters of local concern, to the rest of the country, which is predominantly, even violently, anti-Socialist. It is hardly necessary to point out that among the non-Socialistic minority in Vienna itself are the bankers, industrialists and big employers and that their hostile attitude with regard to the mildly Socialistic legislation adopted since the War will now have added, and perhaps decisive, weight. That is what they have desired ever since the revolution. In short, Austria has been caught in the drift to the right which has carried Europe so far from the mood of 1919. While the proposed changes are a recognition of the force behind the movement toward conservatism, they are also aimed at checking any sudden plunge to the extreme of Fascism and the civil war that would follow such a move. The *Heimwehr,* as the unofficial army of the anti-Socialists is called, has grown rapidly in number and is increasingly aggressive in its demands. The Socialists, on the other hand, have lost strength, though they can still count on an armed force and would undoubtedly give battle if a Fascist *coup* were attempted. The proposed constitutional revision is designed to grant concessions to the sentiment behind the *Heimwehr,* without giving open defiance to the Socialists. Yet it represents so clear a defeat for the Socialists and opens so clear a path to substantial dictatorship that there is grave doubt whether the Socialists will accept it.

ALARMIST messages from India have lately appeared in the American press. Mr. Gandhi, we are told, has declined to be chairman of the Indian National Congress which will meet at Lahore at the end of December, and Jawarharlal Nehru has been nominated in his place. Nehru, son of the former president of the Congress, is a dynamic young man, opposed to Gandhi's policy of non-resistance. While not labelled as a Communist, he has visited Moscow and is much interested in the Russian experiment. The inference we are asked to draw is that things look dark in India, and that, the era of Gandhi's influence having come to an end, armed resistance to British rule, on a wide scale, is among the possibilities for the immediate future. We would not belittle the seriousness of the Indian situation, which constitutes, as we have more than once said, one of the gravest problems with which the MacDonald government must deal; but the reports summarized above are subject to some discount. The Indians, naturally, wish to have the outlook appear as ominous as possible, in order to force Great Britain's hand. But it is by no means sure that the "nomination" of Nehru will be ratified; nor is Mr. Gandhi's influence as curtailed as some recent reports would suggest. There is sure to be at least a large minority in the Congress which still endorses his philosophy of non-resistance. Moreover, there must certainly be among the Indian leaders some feeling that the Labor government is entitled to a chance to show how far it means to go, before resort is had to the desperate extreme of armed resistance. Forcible revolution is certainly not to be excluded from the possibilities; but it is not so near as the Indian propagandists in the United States would like to have us believe.

INDICATIONS that Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for mayor, will poll a very large vote in the New York City election seem to make LaGuardia's chances of election even slimmer than they appeared previously. Walker and Tammany will undoubtedly be victorious. This relieves any New Yorker of any obligation he may feel to vote for LaGuardia on the ground of "anything to beat Tammany." If one votes for "the best man," both Socialist and Republican candidates have much to recommend them, but Norman Thomas is, in his freedom from cheap politics, his grasp of the principles of sound municipal government, and his lifelong interest in labor and the public welfare, as fit a man to be mayor as one could well hope to find. If one votes for parties, there would seem to be no reason to strengthen the Republican organization in the city. Outside of its reluctant acceptance of LaGuardia it has not the slightest tinge of progressivism, and is probably no less corrupt than its Democratic opponent. The New Republic has never cast its lot with the Socialist party, and would not do so on doctrinaire grounds, but the party, especially in municipal campaigns, evinces a distinct tendency to be moderate and practical in pursuit of its highly worthy objects. It has made a more

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thoroughgoing study of New York municipal problems than any of its opponents, and has a far better program. We can foresee little but good from any strengthening which it may receive from a large vote for Norman Thomas.

THE LONG AWAITED and often prematurely predicted smash in stock prices seems to have arrived at last. All the stimulants which have formerly been applied with such success to maintain the confidence of speculators for the rise seem in this instance to have failed. The promoters and investment bankers, like any other industry which is intent on profiting from quick speculative gains rather than from sound long-term policy, have overproduced issues of securities; the country could not absorb them as rapidly as they were printed. For a long time it has been obvious that those who bought and held stocks at existing prices were losing money as investors; their action could be profitable only in so far as stock prices continued to rise. How long prices would rise depended chiefly on the temper of the speculators themselves and the credit available for their operations. When the moment of disillusionment would arrive, it was impossible to predict. It is significant in the present crisis that foreign speculators attracted by our boom have been getting rid of their holdings, and that the large amounts of foreign short-term credit drawn to our shores by the high interest rates have begun to flow back to the countries of their source. The main part of the Stock Exchange list has been drifting downward all the year; the recent spectacular drop of the "leaders" is a culminating and decisive evidence of the former inflation of the market. The ultimate result will, of course, be extremely good for business and the country; it will make available more credit and more energy for legitimate productive enterprise.

SENATOR WATSON'S warning that business is hesitating and will be still further depressed unless Congress in haste passes the higher duties in the tariff bill is an attempt to revive the old-fashioned Republican protective mythology, which does not fit the facts. Production and profits have, until within a month or so, been larger this year than ever in the nation's history. Building construction has shown a declining tendency, but not because the wicked foreigners have been making with cheap labor and exporting to our shores fifty-story office buildings and suburban homes. The chief trouble with building has been that it has overproduced in relation to the demand, but it is further handicapped by high interest rates. Automobile production has now fallen off about to the level of last year, but not because Americans are buying Fiats or Austins in preference to Fords and Chevrolets. The motor-car manufacturers, like the building contractors, have been pushing their market too hard. Indeed, their chief reliance for future growth is in export sales, which a protective policy handicaps. And surely nobody these days is so naïve about the stock market as to be able to pretend that falling prices of stocks have resulted from the action of the Senate about the tariff.

The Logic of the Debenture

NOTHING could be more stupid, or more calculated to convince the thinking farmers of the main agricultural regions that the industrial East is quite callous to their plea for economic justice, than the attitude of much of the press toward the Senate amendment which includes the export debenture in the tariff bill. This vote of the Progressives and Democrats is reviled as support of an economic monstrosity, a mere playing of politics for the purpose of putting the President into a hole. Yet no more severely logical action has been taken by the Senate for years. If it embarrasses the President, that will be only because the President, in this situation, ought to be embarrassed. If it kills the tariff bill, that will be only because the tariff bill ought to be killed. The debenture belongs in the tariff bill; the bill should be passed or defeated, vetoed or signed, with the debenture in it.

Anyone who remembers the origin of the present movement for tariff revision, and understands the purpose of the debenture, will see this at a glance. The farmers have long complained that the tariff is a one-sided affair, which protects manufacturing more than it protects agriculture. In the desire to win western support during the campaign, the Republican candidate and his adherents promised tariff revision as a measure of farm relief. If this promise meant anything, it meant a general increase of duties on farm products, and no increase of the duties on manufactured products—with the exception of inconsiderable increases in the cases of a small minority of distressed industries. The special session of Congress now in Washington was called because Senator Borah, during the campaign, induced Mr. Hoover to promise to call it as a measure of farm relief. It had no business to increase the tariff unless the main purpose of doing so was to aid the farmers.

Moreover, as the economists of the agrarian movement which has been active in recent years have never tired of pointing out, the inequality of farmers and manufacturers under the tariff was not the result simply of an inequality in the duties levied on farm and factory products, respectively. It really arose because the most important farm duties were ineffective in giving the protection to domestic prices which they were ostensibly designed to furnish. As long as we are mainly a wheat-exporting rather than a wheat-importing nation, we cannot raise the price of most of the wheat grown in this country merely by putting a protective duty on imports, whether that duty be one of 5 or 500 percent. If the wheat farmers had monopolistic

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power and could restrict production behind a tariff barrier, they could be protected; if they could control prices sufficiently so that they could sell in this country at a higher price than they can sell abroad, they could be protected. But wheat farmers have none of these powers. That is what makes the tariff on wheat less effective than the tariff on steel rails. Likewise the tariff on other grains, on cotton, and indeed on most of the important agricultural products, is nearly useless, either because these things could not be imported to any extent in any case, or because their production cannot be successfully restricted.

The McNary-Haugen plan, in its various forms, was devised to remedy this defect in the American protective system. But the McNary-Haugen plan was rejected, and now the debenture, simpler and more easily workable, has taken its place. Its whole purpose is to enable wheat and other farmers to do what the steel companies can do as a result of protection—namely, sell their products in this country at a higher price than those products can be sold abroad, in the face of foreign competition. If anything short of a high degree of concentration of ownership in agriculture, such as prevails in steel, can accomplish this result, the debenture can accomplish it. The tariff without the debenture is, as far as most of the farmers are concerned, "Hamlet" without Hamlet.

To pass the tariff bill with a provision for the debenture on agricultural products is therefore to put squarely up to the President the problem which this session of Congress was summoned to solve. If a protective system which raises the price of manufactured products is good for the country, a protective system which raises the prices of agricultural products is good for the country. If it is unsound economically to grant a subsidy to farmers, by means of the debenture, to be paid out of consumers' pockets and out of governmental revenues, it is equally unsound to grant a subsidy to manufacturers, to be paid out of consumers' pockets and by means of a restriction of governmental revenues. (Protection does restrict governmental revenues, because it makes the receipts from import duties less than if these duties were low enough to admit more imports.) If the debenture cannot achieve its avowed purpose of making protection effective for the majority of farmers, then that purpose cannot be achieved, and protection for manufacturers is one-sided and unjust.

The Senate has thus performed the great public service of making the House, the President and the rest of us face squarely the question of the relationship between the farmers and the tariff. The New Republic does not look with great favor on the debenture, but neither does it look with favor on the protective system for manufacturers. Its reasons are the same in both cases. A vast majority of the people of the United States are, for one reason or another, not in a position to be protected by a tariff on their productive contributions to the nation's wealth. This is true even of many engaged in manufacture. But they are charged higher prices for what they buy from the industries in which protection can be effective. National efficiency and the national income are reduced, in so far as the tariff works. If we are to stick to a protective system, however, the farmers ought to be included in it, if possible. The enactment of the debenture provides a crucial test of whether they are to be included.

Many Senators who voted for the debenture will be sorely tempted, for the sake of trading gains and local or particular advantages, to reverse their stand if the House should refuse to accept the amendment. But The New Republic sincerely hopes that they will not do so. We want the farmers educated to the true nature of protective buncombe. For, if the bill fails in Congress because the Republican machine in the House will not accept the debenture, or if Congress passes the bill with the debenture and Mr. Hoover vetoes it, the injustice of protection ought to stand clearly revealed. The farm forces, having made every possible effort to be included in the circle of economic favorites which protection creates, will have no choice but to move for a moderation of the protective policy in regard to manufactures. They would be unwise, it is true, to demand such drastic and general reductions as would be ruinous to the stability of an industrial order built on protection, but they would not find it difficult to remove or reduce a large number of duties without serious injury to the nation's business. For protection is far less necessary, even to the prosperity of manufacturing, than either its advocates or its opponents suspect.

Lobbyists and Power Politics

THE Senate investigation of lobbying uncovered some important facts, even in its first few days, and there is no doubt that it will uncover more before it is ended. So much lobbying is going on, and so much of it is undesirable or downright scandalous, that even a half-hearted investigation, such as our Washington correspondent believes this one to be, could hardly fail to provide important revelations. No matter how earnest the investigators might be, however, their work cannot give a rounded view of this activity, which has come to be an important, if not indeed an indispensable, extra-official part of our system of government.

An old definition might be revamped to say that when I urge my ideas upon legislators, I merely perform a patriotic duty; but when my enemy's views are advanced in the same way, it is lobbying, and ought to be stopped. It makes the usual amount of difference whose ox is being gored. There are, however, more legitimate distinctions which can be drawn between one group of lobbyists and another and even between various activities of the same group from time to time. These distinctions can

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best be illuminated by a consideration of the machinery as a whole.

Lobbying in Washington is today a major industry. Hundreds of individuals are engaged in it, and the cost, even for the more or less legitimate items, undoubtedly runs into millions of dollars annually. The condition in the national capital is duplicated on a smaller scale in each of the forty-eight states. Among the major occupations of the lobbyist is, of course, persuading individual legislators to vote for or against specific measures. But this is only a small part of the battle. The modern lobbyist often appeals over the head of the elected representative to his constituents. He tries to create a public sentiment strong enough, throughout the state or nation, to force a vote in accordance with his desires. Naturally, even when such public sentiment does not exist, he tries to make the legislator believe that it does, and his argument to this effect not infrequently takes the form of a threat: "If you don't vote our way, we shall see that your constituents hear of your shameful conduct next time you are up for reëlection." The lobbyist goes still farther, and tries to see that men are elected to office who will vote his way. The activities of the Anti-Saloon League throughout the country, over a period of many years, offer a familiar illustration of this type of effort.

In his contact with the legislator, the lobbyist sometimes performs a useful service. He may, for example, represent a powerful group of constituents, and serve as a valuable line of communication. It is not impossible, also, that he may provide information of genuine value regarding proposed measures. As Dr. Edward B. Logan points out in his interesting brochure, "Lobbying," published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, it is out of the question for the average legislator to make a personal investigation of all the facts, or even the most vital, regarding every important proposal on which he has to vote. He has neither the time, the money, nor the energy for such a task, and in many cases the facts are not available to him. While it is true that the information offered by the lobbyist is always suspect, because of its source, a competent legislator will know how to separate the good from the bad, and make use of the former.

When the work of the lobbyist goes so far as to include electing the "right" man to office, it may operate powerfully to restore to political life that reality which all commentators agree has departed from it in recent years. In such a case, the legislator is actually the representative of an economic group. The difficulty is that other economic groups in his district are then left with inadequate representation, or none; but their plight is probably not much worse than when a time-serving opportunist is elected, who wears no man's halter, but is "open to persuasion."

One of the most important criticisms of the lobbyist is that he may give a minority undue influence upon the course of events. A little handful of millionaires, spending their money freely and shrewdly, may be able to obtain the passage of legislation to which a vast, but unrepresented, majority is opposed. That this is a valid criticism, every student of recent history is well aware; yet even this is not without its better side. Conceivably, there may be good minorities as well as bad ones; and it is a commonplace among social historians that a majority of the valuable movements began under the protection of a little band of fanatics. In this, as in so many other matters, it is impossible to make a hard and fast rule: everything depends upon who does the lobbying, and for what purpose.

While this is true, it is certainly possible to postulate some principles which separate the sheep from the goats. These principles are already recognized in legislation now in force in many of the states, and in bills which have been offered from time to time in the national Congress. The first rule regarding any lobbyist is that he should admit the identity of his employers. If Shearer had done this at the Geneva conference of 1927, nearly all of his evil influence would have disappeared at once. The power trust put hundreds of thousands of alleged text-books into the American schools, concealing their authorship. Probably no private interest ought to be allowed to mold the minds of school children under any circumstances; but if this is to take place, the evil would be substantially mitigated if the source of the material were openly confessed.

The next most important requirement is that the lobbyist, in presenting his factual material either to members of the legislature or to the general public, shall tell the truth. This is a matter which it is more difficult to reach by legislation; but certainly public pressure can help to create some improvement. It hardly needs to be said that bribery and coercion ought to be ruled out as lobbyist methods. Probably the amount of both has been somewhat exaggerated in the public mind; the great majority of the lobbyists, including those who are less desirable, do not resort to these direct methods. In so far as they do exist, they can hardly be met by additional legislation. Improvement must come, as in so many other aspects of our political organization, through raising the standards of the men elected to public office.

The vast development of the lobby in recent years indicates that it is a natural growth from our economic and political life, and one which cannot be abolished by any sort of legislative fiat. To the extent that it represents a development toward "power politics"—the representation in political bodies of economic groups—it is a growth by no means without its merits. What is needed is not abolition, but control; and that control must be based upon a realistic recognition of the facts as they exist today. The Senate investigation will only make the feeblest beginning at a study of them, which will remain one of the great uncompleted tasks with which the American democracy is confronted.

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A Wooden Horse for the Professors

MR. YANDELL HENDERSON, the co-author, with Mr. Maurice R. Davie, of the Yale report on "Incomes and Living Costs of a University Faculty," has supplemented his report with an article recently published in Science which seems designed to prove the case of the needy professor in a way which will win over the most hard-boiled business man among alumni trustees; but proves the case in a manner which, to us, looks for all the world like planting the wooden horse itself in the center of the academic campus.

Mr. Henderson starts from the premise that the universities are not now attracting men of ability into their faculties. "Exceptions occur," he says, "but this is the rule." The remedy is plain: "If the universities want a higher intellectual level, they will have to pay for it. What, then, are the market prices of ability, mediocrity and inferiority? The Yale report shows that, as a general rule, at least in cities where it snows in the winter and houses have to be heated, the total annual living expenses of any family are about half the value of their residence. . . . University salaries are now at the level that mediocrity commands in other callings, and the intellectual level tends toward equality with that of salaries." And he offers a simple rule-of-thumb for figuring out the amount for which a professor of high intellectual ability can be secured:

> If a university wants a certain level of ability on its faculty, it is only necessary to get from the tax assessor's office the values placed on the houses in which live the economic class with that level of ability. It may be that of the leading lawyers, doctors, bankers and business men of the town, or merely the general run of the legal and medical professions; or bank clerks; or policemen; or day-laborers. Whichever it is, half the valuation of their homes is the approximate market price in that town for the corresponding level of ability.

The New Republic is not among those who are shocked to hear the venerable learned profession discussed so baldly in terms of market price. It sees no reason for pretending that professors, unlike the rest of us, do not expect to receive full value for their work; certainly if, as Mr. Henderson so confidently asserts, universities are not now attracting men of ability into their faculties, no one who has any understanding of the temper of the youth of our time will claim that you can attract more intelligent men by making your appeal on a basis of self-sacrifice. What we would point out is merely the incompleteness of Mr. Henderson's highly typical point of view. Professors have their "market price," if that is what Mr. Henderson wants to call it; and a considerable factor in that market price is the sum, in dollars and cents, which the professor is paid for doing his job. But to dismiss the matter there, to assume that a raise in pay will automatically bring a higher level of intellectual ability into the faculties, is nonsense. For such an assumption is based on the queer—and very American—fallacy that the better educated a man is, the more money he ought to make. A professor of "high intellectual ability" is, presumably, a well educated man; and if education means anything at all, it most certainly means that it leads a man out from the naïve point of view in which the pecuniary criterion of value covers the universe like a blanket, into a state of mind in which values are a little broader, and more complicated, and in which the simple device of measuring all things by the money you can get out of them finds itself, as it were, standing on its ear. To all of which Mr. Henderson, and every one else, will doubtless agree. Why then, in discussing the question of more pay for the professors, so consistently leave it out of account?

We shall not undertake to list the things, other than money, which a teacher gets out of his work; although it may be appropriate to suggest, in view of a section of Mr. Henderson's argument which holds that the size of faculties must be kept down and the tutorial system idea discouraged, that one of the specific rewards of a teacher is the personal intercommunication with his pupils, and that the tutorial idea, in greatly enhancing this intercommunication, may rationally be expected to have a value for the professor.

The New Republic does not doubt that the salaries of many, perhaps a majority, of professors are too low. All it asks is that the professors' friends be a little more critical of the grounds on which they demand the money; and be a little more modest in the amounts which they demand. A professor who feels that he should be enabled to compete with the town's leading banker on the latter's terms had best quit his chair and take to selling bonds. And the friendly alumni who would measure the teaching profession by the same pecuniary yardstick which has raised so much devilment among all of us, should reflect that they are taking the most effective possible means to make the profession worthless in the eyes of first-rate men.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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"Waitin' with the Dead"

LIGHTS SHINE in the mill village of East Marion. Folks are "waitin' with the Dead." Folks in cars are going on a strange round of visits. A steady trickle of visitors are going visiting—to the Brysons', to the Vickers', to the Jonas's, to young Randolph Hall's.

Death is giving a reception tonight in Marion. Three men lie dead with gaping wounds in their backs. Some were shot so close to that doctors have testified that their clothing was burnt and their skin blackened. They were shot down by Sheriff Oscar Adkins and his deputies as they were dispersing from the picket lines in front of the Marion Manufacturing Company. A fourth, Luther Bryson, was blinded first with tear gas. Then he was shot. Two more have died since the night of the "visitin'." Two others are mortally wounded. Fifteen others received lesser wounds. This happened on October 2, when there had been a spontaneous walk-out of workers because of the failure of the company to keep an agreement. People around here say quietly, "I'd hate to be in the sheriff's shoes."

With a party of strikers, I went "visitin' the dead." A striker drives us. We plunge in darkness down a sheer hill. We are at the Brysons'. The room is full of quiet visitors and watchers. People come in quietly and go out. Little is said. There are women sitting with their heads in their hands near the fire. The visitors pass quietly before the coffin. They are talking in low tones in another room. This is no ordinary funeral. This is no ordinary mourning. This is murder—mass murder in cold blood of many people. Their only fault was that they had gone on strike when an agreement entered into had been broken. For this they are lying dead, and the mill village is visiting.

"It's a sorry day," says someone. "We haven't seen the end of this," comes the answer. There are no threats of vengeance. There is an ominous quiet. Some one else says significantly:

"Luther's got three brothers living." They are all there, three dark boys. We say goodbye to them, and to Luther's mother.

We wind dark corners and scale rutted perpendicular hills. Before the Vickers,' the road is so steep we must block the wheels. There is a pile of home-made wreaths of dahlias on the porch. Inside in one room lies murdered Sam Vickers. They call him Old Man Vickers. He was only fifty-six. Men come and men go before him. They look at the quiet, murdered face, and recall how he ran four miles to join the union.

From the other room, the "warm room," comes the keening of Mrs. Vickers, terrible and monotonous. She has gone through the suspense dry-eyed, and has broken at last. The visitors come and the visitors go. A steady trickle of quiet fury. They will not forget your cry, Mrs. Vickers. Their eyes promise that you have not grieved in vain.

There are no tears at the Jonas's. There in the "warm room," people are asleep. Three young girls and a child in one bed. George Jonas' daughters, worn out with grief. The visitors murmur: "They beat him after he was shot and handcuffed. He was handcuffed when he came to the operating table."

Death has opened all the doors in old man Jonas's house. There are no proud reservations about his poverty tonight. Every one can see how things were at Jonas's. They had nothing, for old man Jonas was infirm. The girls, still young, some of them children. If you want, you can see them crowded together, for a moment mercifully unconscious in sleep.

Hall's next. Hall was twenty-three. A handsome, magnificent boy, even in death. His record in the strike was that except for one night, during nine weeks of the strike, he picketed every night for twelve hours. He had had a twelve-hour day's work always, so he worked twelve hours for the union.

"He was running away, and the deputies chased him shooting," murmur the visitors.

They pass by the coffin gravely, looking at the dead boy one after another. There is a sound of wheels. More of the ceaseless line of friends has come. Everyone in the mill village is "waitin' with the dead" or "visitin' " tonight.

The day of the funeral, eye-witnesses were telling what happened in the hearing held before Judge Harding. The court-room was packed with mill workers, friends and relatives of the six dead men. Already Douglas Elles, correspondent for the Asheville Times, had testified that he had seen the sheriff and his people fire at the backs of the scattering mill workers, who, blinded with tear-gas, were trying to escape.

"I saw Sheriff Oscar Adkins hold Sam Vickers with his left arm and fire a pistol point-blank into his body," J. B. Russell testified.

A vicious cross-examination by the mill lawyers could not shake his testimony.

"Didn't Minnish shoot Vickers, and didn't you pick up the gun which was used?"

"No, sir: *Adkins killed Vickers!* I was about eight feet away." Russell gave a dramatic illustration of how Vickers was killed. The people in the courtroom craned their necks forward. In the midst of complete silence, Russell pointed his finger

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at the officers who had fired into the unarmed crowd.

"Nary a shot was fired by the strikers. When Adkins released his hold of Vickers, the man fell back. The sheriff then began shooting at the fleeing strikers," Russell stated.

The fact that the workers were unarmed seems to be generally admitted. "Nobody'd be fool enough to pack a gun on a picket line. When you go out on picket duty, you may be arrested; so you jes' naturally don't pack a gun," the strikers will tell you as they gather around the courtroom door.

Walter Minnish testified next that the sheriff held and shot Sam Vickers. He rose to his feet and pointing his finger at the sheriff, he cried out with intense conviction: "There is the man who shot our people!"

The sheriff all through this testimony maintained a smiling front. Nothing is going to happen to an officer who has so nobly discharged his duty, his manner indicates. Nothing ever happens to sheriffs. He should worry. He merely smiles again as Lonnie Cole declares he heard the sheriff say: "Shoot 'em down, boys!"

Almost the whole of Saturday morning is taken up by the quiet, assured testimony of Allan L. Stewart. The lawyers for the defense bark at him, bully him, try to confuse him. This is not possible. Quietly, positively, he tells what he saw. He saw Adkins and his deputies standing at the mill gate. He saw the sheriff fire a tear-gas bomb. That was the signal for trouble; everything had been quiet. George Jonas—one of the murdered strikers—said: "Sheriff, don't throw that stuff in my eyes!" Jonas raised his arms and the stick he always carried because he was infirm, as though to protect his eyes. The sheriff "collared" Jonas and Alley Stepp squirted tear-gas in his eyes. The sheriff had previously stated that Jonas had struck him with his stick before he ordered tear-gas thrown.

"I was standing close by the sheriff," said Stewart, "Jonas never hit him. I saw what happened—I was standing right alongside. I saw the sheriff fire, and I saw Alley Stepp and Broad fire."

The gray caskets of the four murdered union men stand end on end in a long line. They are heaped with fall flowers . . . white dahlias and red. People who haven't gardens made paper-flower wreaths.

It is a long line of death. Here are Sam Vickers, fifty-six; George Jonas, sixty-seven; Luther Bryson, twenty-two; Randolph Hall, twenty-three. Up in the hospital, James Roberts is dead, too. He is eighteen.

The open coffins stand before the "speakin' stand," where for nine weeks the strikers came every day to hear the speakin'. Well, there will be a speakin' today too. Painted on the stand is *"United Textile Workers of America,"* in high red letters. There are union flags. There is no American flag. It may be that an American flag seemed an irony to the strikers, with all the roads to the mill patrolled with soldiers—and their friends lying there dead, shot in the back by the sheriff whom they helped elect to office.

Behind the flower-heaped coffins, a line of fifty relatives and friends sit in chairs. Up the shaded hillside are a thousand people more, an audience of work-worn faces. Here are the "docile 100 per-cent American workers"—who are now paying the price of having dared to rebel against the stretch-out, a day of twelve hours and twenty minutes, and an average weekly wage of twelve dollars.

Flower girls have wide cotton bands with "Union Worker" on them. They gather near the "speakin' stand" and their thin voices ring out in "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A thin fine noise of weeping comes from the mourning women, a high keening of grief. They have been quiet for a long time.

The quiet weeping of the mourners becomes unrestrained. The hymn has to stop. The mourners are quieter now. The singing girls strike up a union song.

It was more of a demonstration than a funeral—a strange mixture of speakers, with the bearded Evangelist preacher from the hills speaking on the same platform with George Gorman, vice-president of the United Textile Workers, and Jarvis John Peel, vice-president of the North Carolina Federation of Labor. A. J. Muste, of the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, made the principal funeral oration.

"These men," he said, "were shot down like rats when they refused to submit, like whipped dogs, to a violation of the agreement by the mill owners. In all the stormy history of American labor, there has been no blacker outrage against the workers than this." He called on the A. F. of L. to raise a fund of $1,000,000 to organize the South.

Tom Tippett, also of Brookwood, who was in Marion most of the time during the strike, accused the mill owners of murder. More than any speaker, he reflected the feeling of the workers in the presence of their dead.

"Not in vain" is the thought left uppermost in the minds of the workers by the funeral services.

The services were over. The hymn singing had finished. The entire company of a thousand people filed slowly, slowly, one by one, before the dead. Every man and woman, every child, looked into the faces of the four murdered fellow-workers. Amid the dead silence, Luther Bryson's tiny mother walked before the coffins. She paused at each one, to run her hand over the cool forehead. She bent over her son and kissed him, while Randolph Hall's young widow broke out into unrestrained weeping. She had sat for two days beside her dying husband without a tear. Now she cried aloud before the assembled workers of the mill village. People went slowly away in little groups.

"We haven't seen the end of this," men said gravely to one another.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

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Vienna Houses Its Workers

WHY IS IT that war-stricken and poverty-stricken Vienna is able steadily to eliminate slums and to build beautiful apartments for its workers, while our great and wealthy city seems impotent to solve the housing problem? That is the question that I asked myself on my tour of the municipal houses in Austria's capital city. That is the question that is bound to be asked by every thinking resident of a large American city who has had the chance to study this unique housing experiment at first hand.

I must confess that I went to Vienna this summer with a big question mark in my mind. I had seen pictures of municipal houses in that city, and I had heard enthusiastic reports from visitors about them. But I had discounted these pictures and reports. I half suspected that the cameras had clicked and that the visitors had been escorted to the houses during press parade. A visit on an ordinary day would reveal something of ugliness, of dirt, which was not evident from afar, and another illusion would be shattered.

The history of the Vienna housing program is a somewhat long and complicated one. In brief outline it is as follows:

In pre-war days, Vienna had earned an enviable reputation as the center of music and of art, as the great and imposing capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Much attention was given in those days to the royal palaces and the grounds and the festivities of the House of Hapsburg; little attention to the housing conditions of the city workers and, of course, the houses of the proletariat were never listed among the municipal attractions which every foreign visitor must be sure to see. Occasionally an interested student of social conditions made a survey of these houses and published a report, usually, alas, soon to be forgotten. The late Professor Philippovitch was one of these sympathetic students. "We may pass from one dwelling to another," he declared in his survey of workers' houses. "Everything is lacking which we are used to regard as the basis for the healthy life of a citizen. The dwelling is a mere shelter from the harshness of the elements, a night lodging which, in view of the narrow space in which people are huddled together, and of the lack of quiet, air and cleanliness, can never afford a resting place for the exhausted frame." Whoever has been compelled to live in these dwellings, he concluded, "is bound to degenerate physically and mentally, is bound to wither and run to waste."

Statistics compiled during this period indicated that about nine-tenths of the apartments in working class districts consisted of one room; that, out of a 1000 apartments built for workers, over 950 had no water supply, and 920 no water closet. Gas and electricity were indeed scarcities. Rents were high and tenants had few rights.

Then came the war and the revolution. The old Austro-Hungarian Empire was divided into seven parts. A population of 51,000,000 dwindled to 6,000,000, one-third in the city of Vienna. The new republics and dictatorships into which the Empire had been carved put up tariff walls against their neighbors, and the whole economic life of Vienna and of Austria was shattered. A period of inflation and the gradual elimination of the paper kronen followed.

During this period, the housing situation in Vienna became steadily worse. Little building and repairing of houses had taken place since 1914. Following the War and the revolution, thousands of army officers and functionaries of the old empire flocked into the city and required housing accommodations. Numerous workers, it is true, emigrated after the War. Most of these, however, had to leave the older members of their families in the city while seeking employment elsewhere. This emigration, therefore, had little effect on the demand for apartments. The ensuing housing crisis was at first dealt with through stringent rent laws which made rent payable in terms of the depreciated paper currency, and which thus brought down the amount actually paid to the landlords to virtually zero. These laws were demanded on the ground that they provided the only way for many workers and professional people to survive in these days of distress on the income they could secure from Austrian industry.

The following statement is typical of the arguments favoring these laws:

> Austria produces about 70 percent of its goods for export trade. The country, in competition with other lands, suffers from a number of disadvantages. It has little coal. In years of poor harvests, it has to import nearly one-half of its corn supply and a great deal of its cattle from abroad at high freight rates. It has little ready capital and the rate of interest on borrowed money is higher than that in most countries. It must gain a competitive advantage somewhere. Wages cannot be reduced. They were never high. The outlay for food and clothing, the modest proportion of the wage devoted to recreation and to cultural endeavors, will bear no reduction. Only one component element can be withdrawn from the wage without depressing the productive capacity of the workers. That element is the outlay for lodging. In peace time it absorbed 25 percent of the workers' wages. Under the operation of the rent laws, it

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averaged but about 2 percent. If rent laws should be withdrawn, wages would have to be greatly increased, but the position of the export industry on whose maintenance the country's fate depends, renders impossible rises in wages remotely approximate to the proportion which the abolition of rent restriction would entail.

The rent laws, while having the foregoing economic justification, made many a house practically valueless and discouraged further building. The Council passed additional legislation exempting new construction from the operation of these laws, but the situation was not greatly improved.

Meanwhile the Socialists who, prior to the War, were represented by only eight out of 165 members in the Vienna Council, became the majority party, capturing, in May, 1919, some one hundred out of the 165 seats in this municipal body. The housing of the city workers became their chief concern. The Socialist-controlled Council first gave encouragement to a number of voluntary coöperative ventures, chiefly on the outskirts of the city, and then began a few experiments of its own on a comparatively small scale. These, they found, however, scarcely touched the fringe of the problem and, in September, 1923, the Council enacted its first great housing program, providing for the erection of 25,000 apartments to be built within a five-year period. Later this number was increased to 30,000, and in May, 1927, a housing program for the construction of another 30,000 apartments was launched. At present writing, the municipality has completed over 45,000 of these apartments.

In entering upon this program, the first question facing the administration, in the nature of the case, was the problem of finances: How can municipal housing be financed? The answer was: Through taxation, particularly through the housing tax and luxury taxes. Prior to the War, about 40 percent of the rent collected by the private landlords was turned over to the municipality through one tax or another. It was natural, therefore, that the city should turn to a tax on houses in connection with its building program, particularly since rent had practically been abolished. The Council provided that the new housing tax should be imposed on the tenants and that it should be collected by the householder from the tenants in lieu of rents. In payment of the service of collection, the landlord would receive a 10 percent commission. All of the monies thus collected would be especially earmarked for building purposes. The tax imposed is based upon the amount of the rent paid before the War, the tenants of the larger, more luxurious apartments paying considerably higher taxes than those in the poorer dwellings. Thus some half a million of the cheapest working class apartments, constituting over 82 percent of the total, contribute but 22 percent of the total housing tax collected, while 3,400 of the most expensive apartments, about one-half of one percent of the number of Vienna apartments, contribute over 45 percent of this tax. The housing tax yielded in 1928 about $5,000,000, and constituted about 6 percent of the rents formerly paid to landlords.

Supplementing this tax, are taxes on hotels, on restaurants, on beer gardens, on automobiles and on servants hired. There is the entertainment tax, the horse tax, the dog tax, and the tax on numerous other luxuries. The financial genius responsible for this system of taxation and for its vigorous enforcement is the Finance Minister of the city, Karl Breitner, former bank clerk in one of the local banks.

One of the reasons for Breitner's success (declared Dr. Karl Renner, Austria's former Premier) is the fact that, when a tax is laid, people know that it will be collected and in an impartial manner. When workers hold an entertainment, for instance, and ask to be exempt from the tax, Breitner has but to reply: "You are preparing for an evening of gayety, while many of your comrades need relief. You in your enjoyment should be willing to help lessen the suffering of your fellows." And the tax is paid without further ado.

After the financial problem, the question to be settled was whether the city should concentrate on the building of the small cottage in the garden suburb or on the construction of the larger apartment house in the heart of the city and near the employment of the average worker. The city fathers considered the problem from every angle and finally concluded to lay chief emphasis on the large apartment house, and this for several reasons. The poverty of the city prevented the municipality from building separate cottages as rapidly as the need for housing relief demanded. The lack of transportation facilities to the suburbs worked hardship on many factory and office workers. The apartment house type, furthermore, had a number of distinct advantages, particularly from the standpoint of the housewives. This type was therefore decided on—although not to the exclusion of the garden city. Land that had been held out of use for speculative purposes in various parts of the city was purchased by the city at a fraction of its pre-war price as building sites.

In the construction of the houses, certain principles were laid down: No more than 50 percent of the land should be occupied by the building. The remainder should be given over to courts and open spaces, the houses being built in a square around these courts. The buildings should be fire-proof and the walls sound-proof. Every room should be open to the air and sunlight, and narrow corridors and air-shafts should not be tolerated. No more than four apartments should enter upon the stairway in any one story, and every apartment should

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be provided with running water, a toilet, gas and electricity. Moreover, the houses of the workers should not imitate bare barracks. They should be things of beauty and the best available architects should be encouraged to submit their blue prints. The courts should possess shrubs and flowers, settees for adults, playgrounds and, where possible, paddling pools for children.

The actual construction should be left to private builders, after public competitive bids. The rents charged should be the minimum required to pay for maintenance and repairs. Since the money for the buildings was raised by taxation, there were no capital charges to pay. The average rent now collected is from $2 to $3 an apartment a month! Finally, applicants should be admitted to the houses on the basis of need.

The thing that impressed me first about these houses when I visited them this summer was the general gracefulness of their proportions and their simple, dignified outline, the pleasing effect of the flowers that looked down upon me from the numerous balconies, bay-windows and loggias, and, in the courtyards, the cleanliness and attractiveness of the surroundings and the good times which the children were apparently having paddling in the courtyard pools and playing games in the sunlight. I could not help contrasting the children I saw in Vienna in 1921 with the healthy, sun-tanned youngsters rollicking in these playgrounds.

On entering the actual apartments, I found that they usually consisted of two- or three-room flats, with alcoves and toilet. The newer apartments were usually larger than those first built, and consisted of an entrance room, a kitchen, two larger rooms, one small room, a servant's room and lavatory. The floors were parquet, and my first impression of cleanliness was fortified by the neat appearance of the stairways and the apartments themselves. Are the Austrian workers inherently a cleaner people than we, or is this absence of dirt a result of a better environment than our slum dwellers have enjoyed?

Practically every one of the apartments enjoys all of the features mentioned above, with the exception of the paddling pool—converted in winter into a small skating rink—which is not in every courtyard. In most of the apartment houses investigated, I also found large, modern, well-equipped central bathrooms, some of them with glazed walls and tiled floors, for the use of the residents, on payment of a small fee. To the American visitor, the absence of the individual bathroom in each apartment is the one serious defect in these houses. This defect, however, must be considered in terms of the former dwellings of the workers, as well as in terms of the character of the central bath plant and the rent paid.

From the standpoint of the housewives, one of the most enticing features is the steam wash house in the well-lighted and ventilated cellars of apartment houses containing 400 or more families. The housewives are here assigned certain hours of the week for washing and ironing. They appear at the appointed hour and find placed at their disposal copper duplex boilers in which the soiled linen is boiled by means of steam, basins with hot and cold water, wringing machines, drying apparatus, spraying machines, electrically driven mangles and cloak rooms. Here the tenant may wash, dry and iron her clothing under little physical strain, within a few hours, having in the meanwhile, if she so desires, several sociable talks with her neighbors. The charge for this service is included in the rents. In the smaller apartment houses, where such extensive equipment would hardly be profitable, several wash houses of the ordinary kind have been built in, while the tenants have the use of drying lofts.

In the Reumannhof and some of the other apartment houses, there are spacious kindergartens on the first floor overlooking the court and playgrounds. To these kindergartens are brought three- to six-year old children of working mothers at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and here they remain until five or six o'clock, under the direction of teachers and nurses. The program of play, lessons, lunch, nap, play and cleaning up, with special attention paid to tidiness and hygiene, in an environment full of charm, is worth careful study. The fee for lunches and for other services to the children in these kindergartens is but a few shillings a week.

One of the large apartment houses catering primarily to couples without children is equipped with a central kitchen and is run on a coöperative basis. In several houses, rooms are set aside for libraries, assemblies, clubs, consumers' coöperative stores, etc., and the city encourages the tenants to form athletic and social clubs, and debating and discussion groups. The communal social life developing in these communities is of more than passing interest.

One of the especially interesting features of the dwellings to an outsider is the names they bear. They commemorate no military heroes, but leaders and doers in the European working class movement, as the names Bebelhof, Eberthof, Matteotihof, Reumannhof (after one of the initiators of the building plan) indicate. Statues of other revolutionary heroes of the social democratic variety are appearing in a number of the courtyards. One of the latest bronze statues to be unveiled was that of the play-boy of the German Social Democracy, Ferdinand Lassalle.

While the city has specialized on the larger dwellings, it has not neglected entirely the cottages found in the English garden cities. Prior to 1928, over $5,000,000 was spent on this type of workers' home. At first the municipality encouraged the cottage movement by means of loans and subsidies.

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Since 1927, it has laid out the garden cities and built the houses itself. When completed, the houses and gardens are now transferred as a gift to settlement associations, and each house is required to pay a rent sufficient to cover the costs of maintenance. A large waiting list is clamoring for accommodations both in the apartment houses and in the cottages.

Any visitor to Vienna will henceforth do well, in addition to making the usual rounds of shops and galleries, to visit the Rathaus or the Friends' Service and ask for a guide to Vienna's new housing experiments. American cities will do well to follow the lead of this city of music and art in abolishing their slums and in providing comfortable and beautiful homes for their workers.

HARRY W. LAIDLER.

"Good Men and True"

The Story of the Barkoski Trial

SEVERAL years ago, a prominent American millionaire became involved in one of the most brazen frauds against the national government known to history. On the eve of his trial, he is reported to have declared, "I have an abiding faith in the integrity of our American courts!" Subsequent events proved that his confidence had not been misplaced: he was acquitted by one of those courts, and today holds a place of eminence as one of the *homines colossi* of the business world.

"The integrity of our American courts!" Recently we Pittsburghers have had occasion to weigh this phrase, for three "company policemen" have just been acquitted of what was probably the most brutal murder of the many chargeable to that iniquitous institution known as the "Coal and Iron Police."

Early one morning last February, John Barkoski, a farmer and miner of this locality, was brought to the Sewickley Valley hospital suffering from four broken ribs, a split breastbone, a gouged-out eye, a fractured nose, and from other bruises with which his body was covered. It developed that three Coal and Iron policemen, one of whom had previously been convicted of manslaughter in a similar case, had gone to the home of Barkoski's mother-in-law to purchase liquor—to be used later as the grounds for a raid on the place. In a quarrel which followed concerning the merits of a certain brand of cigarettes, one of the policemen, H. P. Watts, so the defence charged, was knifed by Barkoski, and the latter was then arrested and taken to the police barracks. There, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses for the state, he was beaten with a strap, brass knuckles, a black-jack, and a stove poker, to make him "come clean about that stabbin'." When the luckless Barkoski could no longer hold his head

vas lifted by the ears by Lieut. W. J. Lyster,
to the latter's own testimony. Dr. Patter-
sician who was called to the barracks
knife-wound, testified that he found
er beating and kicking Barkoski and
intercede for the prisoner, warning
at Barkoski was already in a dangerous
inally, the unconscious miner was sent

to the hospital, where he died six hours later.

When the murder trial of the policemen began, those upholding the private police system openly declared that the defendants would be unable to secure a fair trial in the community, so great was the wave of horror and indignation resulting from the slaying. The opponents of the Coal and Iron Police system felt that the state's case was rock-ribbed and that a verdict of second degree murder, if not of first, would be the inevitable result. As the trial progressed, a conviction seemed assured. The state produced eye-witnesses to the torture and murder, whereas, to the surprise of everyone, the defence did little except to have the accused enter a categorical denial of the charges. Judge Gray refused a motion from defence counsel that he direct a verdict of acquittal. Then came the decision of the jury. In the face of what the general public and those in attendance at the trial had considered an air-tight case for the state, in the face of clear instructions from the presiding judge defining to the jury their obligations with regard to the evidence, the eleven "good men and true," and one woman, reported a verdict of *not guilty*.

The verdict left the community stunned. Assistant District Attorney, Roy T. Clunk, who conducted the case for the state, declared, "This is the most shocking miscarriage of justice in the history of this or any other country. The people of Allegheny County read the evidence and can judge for themselves whether the verdict was proper. I am glad that the verdict is not on my conscience." Various professors of the University of Pittsburgh issued statements condemning the verdict, typical of which is that of Dr. Ralph S. Boots, political scientist:

> There are few persons outside the jury who do not believe that what the three defendants did to Barkoski caused his death. It seems that a human being may be trampled and pounded to death in entire innocence. Such a verdict will make more Communists than all the speeches on all the street-corners in the country. One doesn't become a Communist by intellectual processes but by emotional. The comfortable public feels

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> no fear that Barkoski's fate may overtake them, but thousands struggling for a living wage in low-paid industries and upon the border-line of employment may respond to appeals made on this avoidance of justice by the agents of the economically powerful.

The Pittsburgh branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, the allied German Societies of Allegheny County, and the local Trade Union Unity League have all officially condemned the action of the jury.

Later in the week, Judge Gray discharged the jury in contempt and disgrace. District Attorney Gardner had made a motion to that effect, saying, "Noting the evidence in the murder trial last week, I am thoroughly convinced that the jury was not competent and did not have sufficient moral stamina." Then, to the surprise of everybody in the courtroom, Judge Gray promptly answered:

> Your suggestion is altogether proper. I was never more surprised in all my life. It seems to me that a second degree murder verdict should have been returned against Watts and Lyster, although the verdict may have been proper in the case of Slapikas. I quite agree with you, Mr. District Attorney, that the jurors were not competent and were without moral stamina.

The jurors then filed out, went to the treasurer's office, and drew their pay.

Who can determine with certainty the reason for their action? One thinks instantly of the prejudice on the part of "100 percenters" toward "them damned foreigners," who, unless they are made to keep their place, will soon turn the country over to the Reds. But here one encounters the fact that the foreman of this jury was a man named Sniegocki (a name hardly suggestive of the Pilgrim fathers), and that one other juryman explained to a reporter, "I spik not much Inglis." Many will be quick to hint at bribery, especially since Barkoski's widow has just come out with a statement that a member of the jury had spoken to one of the men on trial, and showed other evidences of friendliness. But what seems the most plausible explanation is much more simple. This was the kind of jury which is likely to be selected when too much stress is placed on the point that the prospective juror "has not read about the case." That being insisted upon, the jury is apt to consist mostly of poor befuddled fellows, subject to the wiles of the first rhetorical hypnotist that comes along, be it fellow-juryman or lawyer.

Most of the Barkoski jury either refuse to talk or hide behind general statements like "there was not sufficient evidence" or "I acted according to my conscience." The lone jurywoman, when told that the verdict had created considerable hostile comment, disappeared in the following verbal fog: "The people, if they knew the other side, would think differently. The jury was in thorough accord and agreeable to the verdict."

The indignation of the community aroused by the verdict may be judged by the attitude of the local daily newspapers. The Sun-Telegraph, a Hearst paper, refers to the decision as a "miscarriage of justice" and "a most astounding and unjust finding" on the part of "twelve incompetents"; the Post-Gazette, a Paul Block publication, declares that the verdict "corresponds to nothing in the way of law or evidence that the public has heard in the more than seven months since the tragedy," and that obviously the jury intended to "vindicate the Coal and Iron Police system at its worst." The Press, of the Scripps-Howard chain, labels the verdict "a startling surprise" and demands the immediate trial of the three men on the remaining count of involuntary manslaughter, which would ordinarily be *nolle-prossed*. (District Attorney Gardner expects to begin this action some time this month.)

Aside from their attitude on this particular case, the newspapers all join the community in demanding that the system responsible for the Barkoski murder be abolished. The Post-Gazette declares that this demand is present not "merely in a group of so-called 'radicals,' but in the substantial men and women of practically every class in the community." The Press demands that the system of "rule with club and gun and blackjack" be eradicated. These pleas will, of course, fall on deaf ears among the small but influential group whose policy of terrorism demands that Pittsburgh remain a "company-owned" town, but "speed the day" will be the cry of that greater number who have a firm conviction that regard for human life as well as the protection of property is one of the chief concerns of government.

ESTON EVERETT ERICSON.

Pittsburgh.

Let's Not Wear Them!

ARE the fashion mongers going to succeed in reviving the obsolete and ridiculous spectacle of a woman tripping over her train?

The incredible fact seems to be that women are hard at the clownish spectacle of pulling in waistlines and letting down hemlines. Otherwise one would say that this time the fashion dictators have grossly overstepped the line in trying to cram our emancipated bodies back into yardage.

Yet they ought to be careful. If they are not, the "tyranny of fashion," ceasing to be a half-affectionate phrase, will stand suddenly revealed in its true light as an impudent and intolerable obligation.

It has been embarrassingly and consistently true of the female of the human species, that you can lead her from one form to another of personal adornment, but you cannot make her ce about it. Witness the hoop-skirt, the big corset, the bustle. Without so much the voice of the unseen dictato she has lent herself to the outlandi tical, the cumbersome, the absurd, th the risible, for so long, that it seems that the Master Mind behind the

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should be prompted to enormous self-confidence.

The bleating, or more aptly speaking, the braying acquiescence of women to fashion, is the most dependable and constant factor with which the international industry of dressing them has to deal. Crops may fail, silk worms suffer blight, weavers may strike, tariffs may hamper, but the mass-gesture of the feminine neck bending to the yolk of each new season's fashion goes on.

At least, has been, and is, going on.

It is only natural that during the last ten years, in the ferment after the War, should have occurred what are perhaps the most radical changes in woman's dress since fashions began. Not that radical and sudden change in woman's dress is unusual. It has been pretty conscientiously seen to, that last year's wardrobe shall annually be made as obsolete as possible. But certainly not in the history of American fashions have such radical and important changes asserted themselves in styles for women.

The reasons, in the light of the world cataclysm and the resultant social changes, are significant. They reflect, in a manner too intricate to be treated here, certain traits that strike deeply into feminine psychology.

The fashions of the last ten years not only establish the most radical departure in the history of woman's clothing since woman first donned clothing, but they eloquently represent her new psychological, sociological, economic and political status.

A peep into the clothes closet of Queen Victoria might have proved, by negation, that she did not golf, drive a car, go to business, let her waistline alone, or wear two-ounce underthings. The clothes chronicle of the woman of 1920-1929 tells a different story, and tells it eloquently. Woman's new and varied activities came to create a demand for more utilitarian clothes. Short hair seemed to synchronize with the close-fitting hat, or *vice versa*. the hip-flask probably inspired some designing mind with the cute idea of the boyish form. Woman's emergency jobs, during the War, made the short skirt a prettified novelty. Corsets rode low on the Ferriss wheel of fashion. The female limb became a leg and the silk stocking business an industry.

But slowly, surely, subtly, over a period of three years, forces have been at work to pry from woman's clutch, without causing too loud an outcry, those fashions of the past decade which she has found so sane and comfortable. Never have changes in style come more gradually than recently. No crude methods which might, perchance, awaken women to the impe[illegible]g calamity, have been employed. Slyly, for the l[illegible] few springs and falls, Paris has been [illegible]hat hemline, inch by inch. Subtly, wo[illegible]s been trained toward that skirt of more [illegible]reased length. Slowly, the poppy-[illegible]of the "natural waistline" has gone

[illegible]ernight, as it were, fashion, emboldof success, suddenly trumpets her tri[illegible]g skirts. Trains. Corsets. Larger hats. Eleven yards to the gown instead of four or five. Long gloves. Long hair.

The woman shopping has not much choice in the matter. Not only are the simple, brief fashions of yesteryear not on view, but if they were, it would be rank impracticability to buy them. It not only takes crusader's strength of purpose to be "special," but there are two other fundamental deterrents. It is expensive to be special. It is conspicuous to be special. One swallow does not make a summer and one revolt or two revolts or two hundred revolts, in so mammoth an issue, do not make a revolution.

At the moment, the ridiculous spectacle is seen of millions of women about to climb back into corsets, trains, long gloves and coiffures. True, we are not the only sheep following the bell. Frauleins, Mademoiselles, Signorinas are also being led to slaughter, but that does not lessen our plight. Here is one of the most important emancipations of woman in the past twelve years, about to go for naught.

Organization against the oligarchy of industries is all that can save her from the predicament that is about to send her backsliding. "Down with the corset and up with the hemline!" should be the slogan of every woman who doesn't want to be bullied into doing something as undesirable as it is unwelcome.

FANNIE HURST.

Bad Dream

Out of the stroke, the change,
The body locked in its death
Like a stream locked in the ice,
The whiteness under the cheek,
The lips forever set
In the look that is always strange
Because we remember yet
How they spoke, how the mere breath
Was enough to make them speak.

I saw the soul arise,
Naked, shaped like a blade,
Free, inhuman and bright,
And where the body was laid
I saw it hover.
It had no need for eyes.
It had not forgotten the grief
The long pain and the brief,
The daybreak, the fall of night,
The touch of water and light.
These were over.

It was free. It would not return.
I saw its brightness spurn
Like the heel of a fugitive
The body it hung above,
The body which gave it birth—
It is this I cannot forgive.
It is thus they answer our love
When they are gone from the earth.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

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Patrick Geddes, Insurgent

EARLY in October, Patrick Geddes was seventy-five years old. In the Collège des Ecossais at Montpellier, where rambling stone buildings look out over the moors towards the Mediterranean, messages of congratulation doubtless came to him from all over the world. But it is very doubtful indeed whether any banquets or public memorials, to say nothing of newspaper notices, signalled the day. The obscurity that has attended the comings and goings of this man was decently preserved. Geddes is still, at seventy-five, a relatively unknown figure. Yet he is one of the half-dozen seminal thinkers of our time; he has been scattering his thoughts widely and generously for the past fifty years, and the seeds he has planted have sprung up in all manner of unexpected places, sometimes obscured by accidental cross-fertilizations and adaptations. Perhaps his most influential work will remain anonymous: like a benign demiurge, he has anticipated that. "I have no use for claims of priority," he once said to me. "I am like the cuckoo bird that lays her egg in other birds' nests. The main thing is that the egg should develop—not that that cuckoo's ego should be gratified."

What recollections must crowd into the mind of this old man, still so clear-eyed and vigorous; this small active figure, with a noble head, gray, saddened eyes, and a mane of hair that flares over the high, bulging forehead and falls, in a whitening beard, over his collar. The faces of his early manhood perhaps come back: Darwin, dancing like Pan over a good slide on the microscope; Huxley, accepting a correction of fact from his young pupil, for the greater glory of science, Huxley who confessed that he should have been an engineer—"I agreed with him, but couldn't say so," Geddes adds, with a wicked gleam—Haeckel, a beautiful biological specimen in his own right, with a flair for art and good living. Paris in the seventies; an atmosphere of heroic daily effort; stern and beautiful old women who had been through '48 and the siege—what power! what femininity! Venus and Sibyl in one. A boarding house in Jena; a mysterious German who confesses, with a gleam of melancholy ecstasy, that he has been driven mad with "simultaneous thinking"; the madness infects the young botanist, and in Mexico, overtaken by blindness in the midst of his explorations, Geddes gropes his way out of the dark by inventing a symbolic notation for thought. He too exerts himself to carry over into life the art of simultaneous thinking: a polyphony of ideas. Edinburgh and Glasgow in the eighties; the abyss of the industrial age. From the bottom of the abyss, one sees the sun: a walk with William Morris in the shipyards, no mere medievalist, he, but an all-round craftsman: "These iron ships are the cathedrals of the industrial age." A word for this effort, that welds art, craft, thought, power into one: Synergy. The mental act itself? Synthesis. Synthesis in thought; synergy in action: these are the bench-marks for Geddes's philosophy.

Tolstoy and Toynbee Hall are stirring the world with their plea to the educated and the cultured to live with the poor. Geddes lives, with his young wife, in a tenement near the crest of the Old Town in Edinburgh. No condescension here: he meets everyone, from a janitor to an Indian ruler, on his own level. "Every man knows more about his own business than I do. There is science and art in the lowest occupation: did you think it was all boxed in the studios and the laboratories? Remember the two old crossing-sweepers, discussing their comrade who died. 'Sandy was a good man.' 'Aye, a good man.' 'He was a good worker, too.' 'Aye, he was a *hard* worker, but he had nae the right turn of the wrist around the lamp-post.'" If Geddes learns from his colleagues and their books, he learns from his gardener, too. His appetite is insatiable and he will not stay tethered in his own pasture. The botanist writes an appreciation of Ruskin: Ruskin the economist! Wherever on the hillsides of the old town Geddes can find a piece of vacant land, be it only as large as a handkerchief, he begs, borrows, or buys it, and turns it into a garden. This is his first step towards civics. He will not stop on that path until he has become the founder of one of the first garden villages in Europe, until he has cleansed and whitewashed some of the filthiest slums of Edinburgh, until, by example, by word, by exhibitions, he has stirred up the cities movement in Great Britain. Here is a University Hall for students. Geddes built it. Here is the admirable zoo in Edinburgh. Geddes designed it, preserving or counterfeiting the natural habitat of the creatures. Almost single-handed, he saves Sir Thomas More's city mansion when it is about to be torn down, and transports it, stone by stone, to Chelsea, to make a University Hall on the probable site of More's Garden.

These are incidents. During the War a great opportunity comes; the planning of fifty cities in India; and after that, a perhaps greater one; the design of the University of Jerusalem. With ruthless insight into the economic relationships, which anticipates the most recent work of American town planners, Geddes takes a conventional engineering plan for city development in India or Palestine, reduces the number of streets by half, and simplifies the sanitary facilities till they bear some practicable relation to the earning powers of the population: an improvement instead of a curse. All the while he preaches the doctrine of the saving opposite. In India he preaches efficiency; in America, meditation. Typical audacity: he faces the complacent financiers and technical directors of a Regional Plan for a great American metropolis, and advises them to plan it as if they were working for a Labor government! Against the paper accountancy of money, he places the vital accountancy of good days. Real wealth is life, not paper counterparts or mechanical substitutes. "Our mechanical civilization, with its boasted panoply of physical science and technics, has been constipating itself for three generations because it has not yet learned the proper height for a toilet seat!"

Geddes's intellectual life goes on. In the nineties, the group that gathers around him at the Outlook Tower lays the foundation for the Scots renaissance. The work of painters like John Duncan and writers like [illegible]iona MacLeod does not compare with that of their [illegible]ontemporaries; still, something is started. When [illegible]volution are broached for Scotland thir[illegible] when poets like Hugh M'Darmuid [illegible] source of their new consciousness as [illegible] Geddes—"the Professor" as I have hea[illegible] Rotary luncheon in Edinburgh—a distinct[illegible] professors. He knows Provence, Mistr[illegible]

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regionalists. His pupil, Herbertson, founds the English school of regional geography. Kropotkin and Reclus lecture at the Outlook Tower Summer School; their doctrines become familiar in the popular magazines thirty years later. The region, regionalism, regional planning, these are the notions Geddes develops in antithesis to imperialism, statelsm, party politics, "barristeria." Geddes has read G. P. Marsh, the author of "The Earth and Man"—even if the Americans have forgotten him. As a vital accountant, he knows wealth is derived solely from the upbuilding action of the green-leaf; every subsequent process, no matter what its financial success, is a step in degradation. Rural thought still deals in these realities; urban thought, particularly metropolitan thought, debauches itself with illusions compared to which the search for perpetual motion is edifying.

From biology, where with J. A. Thomson he writes a classic book on "The Evolution of Sex," he advances to sociology. He publishes a series of papers on statistics, economics, geography, sociological method, city planning; and in his survey of Edinburgh he lays the foundation for the survey as a prime method of adequate sociological thought. Ten or fifteen years later this spore begins to grow in America: from "Middletown" to "The Pittsburgh Survey," the links reach back to the Outlook Tower. But sociology brings one to society; and society is not merely a matter of bread and butter: it is art, religion, philosophy, ethics as well. Man is not merely the creature of his environment: he reacts upon it and becomes the creator. This pattern holds for all life. In biology, Geddes's contemporaries were divided between the "necrologists," who dissected dead creatures and proved that they were no different from stones or steam engines, and the "phantomologists," who substituted for the automatic, self-subsistent, self-reproducing steam-engine a disembodied wraith called mind. Geddes threw these notions overboard, both in biology and in social life. Life was active and passive, voluntarist and determinist, outwardly conditioned and inwardly determined; the old alternative was a false one. Bishop Grundwig set the coöperative movement on its feet in Denmark by reviving the old ballads; a handful of obsolete Hegelio-Marxian ideas and a tremendous *élan* overthrew the rotten empire of Russia; on the other hand, learning becomes sessile and art capricious when it loses sanative relations with practical activity, with obdurate underlying realities. Life is the harmonization of the inner and the outer. Synthesis: synergy: achievement.

What is the upshot of Geddes's literally boundless activity, this prsistent impetus of thought? No single achievement, nor the mere grouping of them, is the measure of it. He would be the first to acknowledge that his most ambitious pl have failed: his effort to perpetuate the *rue des Nation* of the Paris Exposition of 1900; his plans for the gardenks, and culture institutes of Dunfermline, prepared for Carnegie Trust; the most comprehensive of his own town planning reports, that for Indore, brought into existence now deposed Nizam of Hyderabad—and the Outlook Tower in Edinburgh is now a shell. He has dreatly; but he has not always succeeded great's consolation must be what Whitman utte are lost in the same spirit they are won. No book that Geddes has written gives the full measure of his thought. Some notion of its extent and physical duration can be gathered from the vast midden heaps buried in Edinburgh, London, Montpellier, Bombay: bales of notes, remains as teasing and inscrutable as Leonardo's in their cryptic notations, as comprehensive and pregnant as those we are now recovering from the American philosopher, Charles Pierce. Here is his polyphonic notation of thought: no subject broached by itself—an abstract verbal figment—but always with the necessary inter-relations and modifications. Unfortunately, one cannot trace the melody, for that thread was supplied by Geddes's running interpretation; and unlike music, his diagrams do not carry their melodic element with them. As for his books, they are but notes written as it were on the margin of his thinking. Suspicious of hasty results and premature conclusions, his thought has remained suspended in solution: what has been deposited is not always the best part of it. He hints at a magnum opus that is just beyond reach. What remains? What are his credentials for the future?

In the courtyard of an old tenement in Edinburgh is a bust of Socrates, placed above the doorway by Geddes himself. The little rascals who importune the visitor with their guidebook patter on Castle Hill always gravely show this bust, with the information that it is the Professor. This mistake is not altogether an inept one. Geddes is primarily, like Socrates, an oral teacher: he relies, not upon the printed word, but upon speech, intimate contact, example, presence. Walter Fuller used to say that Geddes needed a Boswell; but it would be more accurate to say that he requires a Plato. Bernard Shaw, in "Back to Methusaleh," has pictured in the distant future an Ancient, living in a vortex of thought. Geddes is that Ancient. But thought for him does not imply divorce from activity or responsibility; into it has gone, not merely the studies of the scholar and scientist, but the feelings of the lover, the husband, the father, the friend, and the experience of the artist, technican, planner. "Much have I seen and known," he might say with Ulysses, "cities, climates, councils, governments."

In Patrick Geddes one is conscious of thought as a living presence, as the divine Logos that broods over chaos and transforms it. One may differ from him in a hundred details, and yet find oneself only deepened in respect for the mind that knows this daily toil and ecstasy of the spirit. In a world committed to stale political tyrannies, educational ruts, physical debilitations and neuroses, a hundred forms of spiritual paralysis and mental inertia, Geddes establishes his doctrine of life: its inception, its development, its struggle, its joyful insurgence. Posterity might leave his papers to moulder as long as Leonardo's; that would be a loss, but not irreparable. For what distinguishes Geddes's thought, what sets it apart from the special researches he has drawn on or swiftly anticipated, is the total personality behind it. Since men value the equanimity of Socrates or the vision of Plato, they will come, I think, to treasure likewise the insurgence of Patrick Geddes. He has shown the weakness of our customs, our mechanisms, our automatisms; and in his own being he has demonstrated the impetus and the complete trajectory of life.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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Washington Notes

THOSE who are in Mr. Hoover's confidence see considerably more in the "swing around the circle" trip of the President which, if things operate on schedule time, should just about be completed when this appears in print, than the mere keeping of speaking engagements in a number of cities. They see a desire upon his part to consolidate his popularity with the people so as to give himself the maximum advantage in the tests of strength which must come between him and the Senate, not so much in this session but in the regular one to follow. As in the case of many Presidents who have preceded him, it has become increasingly plain to Mr. Hoover within the past six months that the Senate is the greatest of his problems. Unless some way can be found to compel its coöperation or, failing that, to minimize its power to damage or destroy his plans, his administration will be condemned to the sort of failure that would sear his soul. Cooped up in the White House, limited to the things he could do by executive order, frustrated in every legislative move, we should have a dreadfully unhappy Herbert on our hands. Wholly lacking the Coolidge taste for inaction and the Coolidge gift of solemn complacency in the face of futility, Mr. Hoover would pretty nearly fret himself to death before the end of one term.

I am told by men genuinely close to him that the extra session has illuminated the Hoover mind so far as the Senate is concerned and that he now ponders heavily on the subject. When he first entered the White House, he cherished the hope that he would have no real difficulty with the Senate. Such is his confidence in the righteous soundness of his own proposals that Herbert could not, I am told, conceive of serious opposition except for purely political purposes. It may seem incredible, but the assertion is further made that he actually expected support from the Democrats. Such childlike faith is almost beyond belief, but it is vouched for by those whose words carry weight and who are in a position to know. At any rate, the present special session has not only destroyed this illusion but has divested Mr. Hoover of any hope of unity among the Republicans. As a result of the farm relief and tariff fights, he now sees the Senate, his friends contend, as it really is and not as he thought it was. He had the notion that the reason former Presidents had had so much trouble with the Senate was either because they did not know how to deal with the Senate or because the proposals they advanced were inherently weak.

He does not feel this way any longer. On the contrary, he thinks the whole fault is Senatorial. He sees, in the next session, a Senate so divided into three parties that anything like an efficient working majority or responsible leadership is impossible. He sees a settled policy of hostility upon the part of the Democrats, and at least half of the Progressives, and no militant and enthusiastic administration support from regular Republican ranks. The Senators he can count on are not the effective Senators. The Reeds and Moseses and Watsons, for example, are disposed to play his tricks and have no real personal or political interest in his success. This is the situation now, and it will be the situation in the regular session beginning in December. The only change as a result of the 1930 elections will be to make things slightly worse from the White House viewpoint, it being conceded that in both House and Senate the Democratic strength will be increased, the Republican majority diminished.

Reflecting upon these discouraging but undeniable facts and what they may mean to his 1930 program, which includes World Court ratification, disarmament and tax reduction, Herbert has concluded, my informants say, that the only possible solution is to build up, behind himself and his proposals, the sort of public sentiment that will make it politically inexpedient and unwise for the Senate to block him. To this end he plans to take, from time to time, trips such as he has just now made, trips on which he can not only establish a more intimate contact with the people than by sticking close to the White House, but can more forcefully and freely present his views. In mapping out this, his first journey since his inauguration, I am told, Mr. Hoover did so with the thought clearly in mind of getting the maximum benefit of the attendant publicity and popular reception, his idea being that these will strengthen him in his Senate dealings. About spring, it is his purpose to make another trip, but in a different direction. Thereafter, about once every three months, he will "go to the country" in his own way. Between trips, there will be such Presidential statements as seem needed.

To what extent he will succeed, it is, of course, impossible to say. A lot depends upon the attitude of the press and the skill of the Hoover propaganda. Beyond question, the Ramsay MacDonald visit and the proposed disarmament conference have heightened popular favor for the President and put him in fine position to build up that first favorable impression which, if rightly handled, is well-nigh indelible. Nevertheless, he will not have quite the sort of newspaper support that enabled the ridiculous Coolidge to become a great popular hero in defiance of the facts. There are, for instance, some indications that the Hearst press is not nearly so concerned about making the Hoover administration seem sacrosanct as it was the Coolidge regime. Mr. Brisbane praises this President occasionally, but in rather a perfunctory way, certainly with nothing like the unctuous ardor of his Coolidge lyrics. Several reasons are assigned for this diluted Hearst enthusiasm. One is that the Hoover denunciation of Shearer and the shipbuilders hit Mr. Hearst in a sensitive spot, he having, as was later disclosed, employed Mr. Shearer as a writer and agent and having charged him only after the Hoover blast.

Another reason suggested is the Hoover-MacDonald negotiations, and the part of Anglo-American friendship resulting from the British Prime Minister, by no means tickled Hearst, who has been for many years our most conspicuous and vigorous and colish-baiter. Still another is the present President, as distinguished from operative international point of view on this sub-

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ject of his two immediate predecessors. And finally, I am told, there is some personal disappointment upon the part of Mr. Hearst at the failure of Mr. Hoover to appoint his friend, Alexander P. Moore of Pittsburgh, as Minister to Spain. Mr. Hearst, it is said in medicine-ball circles, put on all the pressure he could to secure the Moore appointment, and did not like it at all when Irwin Laughlin, also of Pittsburgh, was named. Probably Herbert hated having to make the choice. It is no light thing for a politician—even one who has become President—to turn down a personal request from the publisher of some thirty newspapers reaching from coast to coast, to say nothing of his control of magazines, movies and other agencies of publicity. Yet there was no way to get out of the Laughlin appointment. With one exception, Laughlin was, I think, the most liberal of all contributors to the last Republican campaign fund. The place had been promised him. The promise had to be redeemed, particularly in view of his extraordinary Senatorial backing. Originally, Mr. Laughlin wanted the Italian post, and was much disappointed when that evaded him. If he were refused Spain, there was nothing left into which he would fit. It had to be done, but no one thinks Herbert was happy about the situation created by the Hearst advocacy of the breezy Alex.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Mobile Camera

BOTH the average and the exceptional talking pictures of the past few months have clarified the essential problem of the new medium; clarified, but not solved it. I have stated the problem before, too roughly, as the difficulty of making a talkie which remains a movie. Seeing the new pictures, I am able to make the formula broader and, I hope, clearer.

The essential problem of the talkie is to find the proper relation between the camera and the microphone.

Seeing the innumerable short numbers which fill in with feature pictures, I have despaired at times and almost believed that no relation between the camera and microphone could be proper. These shorts, most of them musical, are based on the entirely erroneous idea that seeing Ukelele Ike's hands and face while hearing his voice is a new pleasure, and creates a new art. A considerable number of feature films are vitiated by the same error in judgment and taste.

The interesting talkies, "Hallelujah" and "Applause" particularly, suggest that a satisfactory relationship can be maintained and that it will be found when the nature of the mechanics of each has been understood. Here the complications begin.

The camera is a recording instrument, but the record it makes is an illusion; the microphone is a recording instrument and the record it makes is a duplication (within quite narrow limits) of the actual. (The mechanics of the camera are such that "in terms of a five-reel picture running an hour and a quarter . . . we may actually look at acting recorded in exposures totalling only two minutes and twenty-four seconds." The quotation is from Terry Ramsaye's "Million and One Nights" and my own recent work on the movies is an expansion of the esthetic consequences of that statement. The closeness to actuality of the microphonic record hardly needs proof.)

Thus at the beginning we have the juxtaposition of two instruments with different and frequently incompatible capacities. The next point about the two is that the camera is, in practise, mobile almost without limitation (because by camera we mean the battery of cameras placed at every advisable angle and moving in every possible direction) whereas the microphone is practically stationary: it must remain in a fairly fixed relation to the speaker or musical instrument which it records.

The problem of reconciling these two instruments is complicated by a non-technical and non-esthetic fact: the moving picture has accustomed us to quick movement and the microphone, attached to the movie, is an interesting novelty; so that either habit or curiosity must be given first gratification until a compromise is effected. In the early talkies, the novelty had its own way, the microphone immobilized the camera. In the two pictures I have mentioned, fluidity has been restored, in some measure, to the films. One is the work of King Vidor, who simply made a good movie with sound effects and allowed only a minimum of dialogue; the other was directed by Rouben Mamoulian, known previously as a stage director, with no prejudices about the movies.

Both of these directors have been happy when they used music and both seem to have struggled vainly when dialogue was imposed upon them. Those who feel the close connection between music and the silent movie will instantly feel justified in their prejudice against the talkies. They will continue to be right until the talkie develops a new convention of speech. About six months ago, when listening to a dozen talkies had produced a sort of nervous irritation in me, I suggested that the duplication of ordinary speech or of the speech of the realistic stage was making the talkies intolerably slow. It remains true, although the good directors are avoiding speech and using sound as much as possible. The solution here is in the creation of artificial form (as the form of polite comedy, of Shavian harangues, of blank verse tragedy, and of operatic speech is conventionalized). Mr. Richard Watts of The New York Herald Tribune has already caught a hint of such speech in (of all things) a British picture, "Blackmail," where something like expression in dialogue has been used; from his report I gather that the result is interesting and—most important—brings the speed of the talkie to the pace of the movie.

Mr. Vidor's "Hallelujah" I recommend as a good movie in which the camera has held the first place. Except for the singing sequences, I am sure that it would be just as good if it were silent, and the most effective portion—the pursuit through the swamp—is virtually a silent picture. The director's virtues are so well known that I pass them to give more attention to the newcomer.

I should say, first, that the presentation of "Applause" at the Criterion as a specially priced super-feature is totally unjustified and something of which the Paramount company ought to be ashamed. The picture itself is of ordinary length and interest, and the preceding bill which takes nearly half the time, is second-rate entertainment. The business of grooming a picture for the road by giving

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it a special showing at high prices in New York, is a sort of racket for which New Yorkers pay heavily.

The second point is that Miss Helen Morgan, the star of the picture, gives a performance which has nothing whatever to do with the qualities she exploits as a singer, has none of the amazing power by which she moves us excessively while using trivial materials, yet is a good movie performance. She is a moderately good actress and an exceptional screen personality, and she is not yet at home in her medium.

The story is trash. It substitutes a burlesque show for the usual backstage of a revue and the motivation of its action is preposterous and unreal—as unreal as the sudden *accouchement* which brings a baby out of nowhere into a charmed life during the elapsed time of two and a half minutes. (Mr. Mamoulian hasn't, anywhere, the capacity to render duration, which is important in the movies; the talkies make the necessity even greater.)

The center of interest, then, must be the direction. The weakness is not in the conversational moments, but in the portions where Mr. Mamoulian has tried to restore Russo-German camera angles, used for their own sake, to the position which American directors two years ago properly refused to accord them. The only reason for showing a scene in unusual perspective is the greater intensity which the distortion gives, the greater rapidity with which images appropriate to the emotion are created. Mr. Mamoulian used them at times only to break up monotony—but there is no excuse for monotony, in the first place.

His success is in keeping the camera mobile all the time. Naturally, he overdid it, just as the Russians have overdone their trick of cutting into brief flashes; but the principle is sound. He has used the talkie counterpart of the old parallel actions in the silent movies, sometimes giving you a chorus on the stage, starting the song, and going away from the scene, while the music continues, to give you a bit of pantomime behind the stage; or he has modulated music in a restaurant and let a private conversation be heard over it. An effective moment created by the camera was when the mean lover of the fading burlesque queen turns on her and tells her she is old and ugly and finished: the camera hovers for an instant over Miss Morgan's face, then moves slowly to the framed picture of her in her lovely youth, and then back to her. It is a harsh contrast and any director of the silent movies would have done as much; but the movement of the camera and the continuance of the bitter voice behind it multiplied the effect enormously. In another scene the raddled dancer's daughter is lifting a glass of water in a restaurant and the music fades slowly as the picture changes to the identical movement of her mother's arm, lifting a glass of poison to her lips.

Mr. Mamoulian has made all his comments cinematically: the history of the woman and her present situation are shown by letting the camera drift over the walls and mantels of her room, the cluttered room of an actress beginning to live on memories. For his love scenes he has used images suggesting freedom and spaciousness—the web of Brooklyn Bridge, magnificently photographed for its soaring "cathedral" value and the harbor, and with his incessant movement has let the lovers drift into the dreary confined space of the hotel room where the mother waits.

He has not been successful with his actors and I can hardly hold him responsible for the story. A hundred times he might have avoided the obvious without hurting the popularity of his picture, and it wasn't necessary, since he used the obvious, to hammer it home so often. The excessive use of novel angles corresponds precisely to the faulty artifices of his production of "Peggy" for the Theater Guild. But in the new medium he has shown freshness and a sense of the essential nature of the medium. Which is more than most professionals have done.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Women and Peace

SIR: It may be interesting to consider woman's part in preparing the way for the present foreign policy of the United States, a policy that has been given much space in recent numbers of the New Republic.

I believe I am not making an overstatement when I say that the educational and political work of women's peace organizations since the World War has undoubtedly done much to make possible Mr. Hoover's move toward reduction of armaments. Everyone knows—in view of the nature of political government it is no disparagement to say—that no politician would take such an important step unless he knew it a safe and popular thing to do, politically. And many are the assurances that Mr. Hoover has received from peace organizations all over the country that this is the case.

To consider more concretely one of the steps that led to the present hopeful situation for world disarmament, the Kellogg Pact: Since the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was formed at the Hague in 1915—the only peace congress, so far as I know, that has ever been held in time of war—the outlawing of war has been its aim and the focal point of its educational work. In the crisis with Mexico nearly three years ago, with the danger of armed intervention on our part, President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg were literally deluged with protests urging methods of conciliation and arbitration. The President remarked shortly afterward that he was greatly impressed with the sentiment for arbitration expressed by the country. The work of the Women's International League, not only in the United States but in the twenty-five other countries with organized national sections, was undoubtedly a factor in preparing the way for the Kellogg Pact.

And the future work of the W. I. L. P. F. "How to make the Kellogg Pact effective," as agreed at the world congress recently held at Prague, under the leadership of its international president, Jane Addams, will no doubt be a factor in putting teeth into that document, through the plan of educational and political work there adopted. This plan includes: work for the withdrawal of the interpretations of the Pact concerning defensive war put forward by the governments before signature; work for the release of all those prisoners who, in spite of the Pact, are still imprisoned for refusing military service (many European prisons are full of them); abolition of all laws of conscription, and work for amendments to national constitutions to express the principles of the Pact, such as the amendments that have been proposed to the German Reichstag and introduced in the Congress of the United States, outlawing war as a method of settling disputes; continuance of work for pacific settlement of disputes by acceptance of machinery which would make the Pact effective, for example, securing the adherence of nations to the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, as proposed by the League of Nations Assembly in 1928; and a campaign for disarmament, nationally and internationally, to culminate in a disarmament week to be carried out simultaneously by all the national sections.

In conclusion, may I express my belief that current journalism would make a truer interpretation of our times if it put more

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emphasis on the contribution of women? Like the extraordinary sight of a woman's statue in the bronze and stone forests of statues commemorating men which I have just seen in central Europe —and everywhere else, for that matter—comes an occasional, a rarely occasional article in The New Republic dealing with the activities of women. Is not their political work today as significant and important as that of men, even though most of it still must register on our government through "indirect influence"? I sometimes think that the historian of the future seeking to interpret our times on the basis of our daily and weekly political journalism—journalism that uses the phrases "Coolidge's disarmament conference" or "Hoover's special commission" or even "Hoover's special session of Congress"—I sometimes think the future historian will conclude that we had no Congress that functioned, nor parties, nor people's movements, nor women, only rulers, like that Pharaoh who carved the inscription of his personal exploits on the monuments of Egypt. But in this case it is not the President who is doing the carving!

As journalists under a republic it should be refreshing to recall that the aim of the English historian, John Richard Green, in his "History of the English People," was to break away from the chronicle of the deeds of kings, and write the life of the people and the story of why the kings did certain things under pressure of popular leadership. . . .

New York City. ANNE MARTIN.

Palestine an Immigration Problem?

SIR: The extremely competent article on "The Labor Government and the Near East" by George Young, last week, tempts me to add a few pertinent facts on the Palestine problem which are still not sufficiently well known in this country. The fundamental cause of the recent tragic race riots in the Holy Land is Arab alarm at an aggravated movement of immigration, and can be readily understood in terms of immigration problems anywhere. What intensifies them in Palestine is that the people of the land have no control over the character and extent of the influx, and the newcomers have extreme and excessive ambitions.

The famous Balfour Declaration, on which the present administration of immigration is based, was an arbitrary disposal of the future of Palestine without its inhabitants' consent. The "national home for the Jewish people" which it promised was left an ambiguous concept whose meaning could expand or contract according to the audience. To the world in general, it meant facilities for Jewish colonies among the Arab majority; to many Zionists, it means the transformation of an 80 percent Palestinian Arab majority, Christian and Moslem, into a minority in their own country by introducing Jewish aliens who, unlike immigrants elsewhere, do not propose to adopt even the language of the land. This is a major social operation which any patient would take desperate measures to avoid.

The breath-taking character of this program is realized when we consider the following facts:

(1). The Arab population has been in Palestine for 1,300 years —as long as the English in England. Their cultured classes shared in creating the brilliant Arabic civilization.

(2). The Jewish connection with Palestine after Bible times was, until recent years, of the most tenuous kind, and the Jews remaining were a minute minority. England might on a similar basis claim northern Germany in the name of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes! Even as late as the close of the World War, the Jews numbered only 70,000 or 10 percent of the whole. After a decade of immigration they number 150,000, and have reduced the non-Jewish proportion from 90 percent to 80 percent, wile the previous attitude of tolerance is exchanged for mounting resentment.

(3). Years before Zionism appeared on the Palestinian stage, the Arab renaissance and Arab nationalism were struggling at bitter sacrifice toward freedom and progress. Long thwarted by a decadent Turkish imperialism, their many leaders with modern scientific training are prepared for a great advance. The Jewish settlements, whatever their useful scientific and social by-products, are not the sole or chief reliance for the economic and cultural progress of Palestine nor its entry into world civilization.

(4). Palestine is as integral and inseparable a part of the Arab world as New England of the United States. When Zionists ask how much land the Arabs want, "Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine as well?", it is like asking Englishmen how much they want of England, or Americans how much of the United States.

(5). Nowhere else in the wide world today is it seriously proposed to nail open the entrance of an historic country against its people's consent and, by the day-to-day administration of immigration imposed by a Great Power, transform its landscape, its institutions, its language, its culture, and its religious traditions while its people watch helpless. People who desire to see the two races living happily together in a common land must be realistic enough to see that this is possible only on condition that, if the Jewish newcomers reject assimilation, they agree to renounce dreams of attaining a majority.

Fortunately, a majority is not essential to the Zionist experiment. What is vital and noble in Zionism is the desire for a base where part of the Jewish people may freely control their own life and create new values for the Diaspora and humanity. The life of the splendid Jewish colonies and the outburst of Hebrew literature are brilliant beginnings, and, luckily, Near Eastern political tradition allows for autonomy to minorities, as the Western tradition in favor of a unitary state and a single language does not.

What statesmanship requires is the bringing of responsible Jewish and Arab leaders together to agree on some ultimate figures for the Jewish proportion of the population, say between 25 percent and 40 percent. On the attainment of this figure, large-scale immigration should cease. After such an agreement, the tension in Palestine would relax, and both Arabs and Jews could settle down to the constructive tasks of peace.

Whatever the numbers of Jews withdrawing to Palestine, the battle for Jewish emancipation must still be fought out in the West. If the opportunity for an agreement with the Arabs on immigration is rejected in favor of the use of British power, the hopes of higher Zionism for fresh spiritual and ethical creativity in the Land of Israel will dissolve in social conflict, which will inevitably produce hate, not religion.

TREDWELL SMITH.

Columbia University, New York City.

India and the MacDonald Government

SIR: Allow me to express my feelings of thanks for your editorial "The Meerut Trial," in the issue of October 16, 1929. It is gratifying to know that the liberal and radical press in the United States, while effusive in its praise of Ramsay MacDonald, does not forget that high-powered propaganda and emotional debauch cannot alter realities of world affairs.

Two such observers as Bertrand Russell and Oswald Garrison Villard, agree with me that "MacDonald will crash on India." As you say toward the end of your editorial, "The question of India is the most difficult of Mr. MacDonald's problems." To approach it with a bad conscience would be fatal, and he cannot afford to have his ambitions frustrated by a lapse of good faith. And yet it is hardly likely that he will rise to the demands of the situation in this, the most vital of all his world problems. . . .

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, who contributed to The New Republic the admirable article "Gandhi at Sixty," is known hereabouts as the most liberal of English publicists in America. He is, except where he is the first upholder of the Imperial function in an Englishman's creation. One grieves at seeing Mr. Ratcliffe commit such sweeping inexactitudes as, "As a political leader he (Gandhi) was a self-confessed failure"; and "as for the young generation of Indians, they pay homage to the Mahatma, acknowledging his sainthood, and simply deny his creed." Nor is Mr. Ratcliffe's repetition of such absurdities as that Gandhi "is the absolute enemy of Western civilization—unappeasable," and that "Gandhi sits alone, unmoved by the knowledge that no man or woman agrees with him," gratifying to one well-informed on India, Gandhi and the current of events in that unhappy land.

By the way, Meerut is in British India (not native), and only one out of a hundred thousand cases is tried by jury in India.

T. H. K. REZMIE.
Correspondent of The Bombay Chronicle.

New York City.

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Bryan

The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan, by Paxton Hibben. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 446 pages. $5.

PAXTON HIBBEN has written a readable and informing life of William Jennings Bryan, and he has done something more. He has given a study of American character and American conditions in the years after the Civil War. His portrait is not a flattering one. He credits Bryan with good intentions, and with honest effort up to a certain point to give them effect. He recognizes the fact that he was the victim of bad luck. But one cannot read his pages without feeling that Bryan was a typical figure. In his career one sees many of the qualities and attitudes of other men of the same generation, even of his opponents, of McKinley, of Roosevelt, of Taft, of Wilson. McKinley was as deeply committed to free silver as was Bryan, before Mark Hanna heard from Wall Street; Roosevelt stole Bryan's political clothes for his triumphant campaign of 1904; Taft's administration in general morale was about what we should have got from Bryan; Wilson and Bryan saw, astigmatic eye to eye, in regard to Mexico and the Caribbean, and one feels that if Bryan, like Wilson, had been unable to resign, he would have been subject to the same forces which carried the country into war, and to the same hallucination in regard to the peace. As Mr. Hibben remarks, Wilson and Bryan offered the country a choice of rhetorics. The chief historical difference between Bryan and his opponents was that they, for the most part, got the breaks. Bryan was, it is true, nearer in thought and feeling to the mass of his fellow countrymen. Millions of them adored him, and of those who did not, a great part resembled him in character, if not in policy. Any American of Bryan's generation who, on reading this record, is tempted to cast a stone may reflect: "There but for the grace of God go I."

The generation which grew up after the Civil War inherited the traditions of pioneership, of Puritanism, of a colonial and imitative culture, of democratic politics, and of a certain ideal of life which was embraced in the general term, success. And all these traditions had become outworn and subjected to a kind of degradation which makes the history of those post-war years a far from edifying one. Bryan grew up in southern Illinois, where the memory and example of Lincoln were strong. Mr. Hibben suggests adroitly and plausibly how Bryan's imagination seized on this local figure, who became the national hero, as a prototype. His father and mother were of Scotch-Irish stock, in whom the old zeal to fight at Armageddon had watered down into a dependence on a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. Religion was a refuge for the weak instead of a call to battle for the strong, and Mr. Hibben suggests, again plausibly, that Bryan with all his fighting blood was without the will to victory.

> What lay at the bottom of William Jennings Bryan's mind was that he was perhaps doomed to be second in all things, to dream and struggle and toil and hope and then just miss winning. Perhaps in his secret heart that was what he wanted most to do; to finish his course without faltering; to fight a good fight; to keep the faith—and to fail.
>
> The very religious belief of William Jennings Bryan was a faith of submission, rooted in fear and founded upon acceptance of man's unworthiness. William Jennings Bryan was of those meek who may inherit but will never conquer the earth.

In this we have a possible explanation of the fatalism with which Bryan saw the nomination at Baltimore, when the electoral victory was all but certain, pass to another. Further, the tradition of an exclusive and masculine culture in which the early American colleges had been founded had given way to a belief in universal education, which necessarily had to be administrated chiefly by women. Bryan, the son of a pioneer, was subjected to a special series of feminine influences in his family; his mother counted more in his boyhood than his father, and more still his cousin, Mollie Smith and his older sister, Fannie. At Illinois College, he was engaged to marry a girl at the neighboring female institute. While at college, moreover, he lived with a relative, Dr. Hiram K. Jones, who, though innocent of Greek, was yet a national authority on Plato and an ornament of the Concord School of Philosophy. The important part of Bryan's education was rhetorical, based at first on McGuffy's readers and later on a study of the political eloquence in the pre-war examples of Webster, Clay and Calhoun.

With this background we should expect a career marked by confusion in thought and inconsistency in action. In that, Bryan was like most men of his generation, but unlike them, he was set in a high place where his tergiversations could be noted by all, except perhaps himself. He was gifted to an unusual degree with the national capacity for self-deceit. Politics was obviously his vocation, and his removal from Jacksonville, Illinois, where he found his way barred, to Lincoln, Nebraska, was immediately followed by the launching of his political career. On this point, his biographer says, somewhat tartly,

> "I entered politics by accident," he asserted, not once but a hundred times. He liked to believe that. He liked to believe that Divine Providence had suddenly summoned him, reluctant, from a career as a successful lawyer and bade him take up the defence of the friendless and the downtrodden. To Bryan's mind this amiable fiction lent his career the character of a crusade and added strength to his spirit and depth to his voice. It was not a personal idiosyncrasy. It was the accepted manner in which all Americans approached the performance of what they desired, and what they intended to do—a lingering relic of Puritanism in the American mind that habitually prefaced self-appreciation with the phrase: "If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities."

He inherited the dogma of democracy, full faith in the wisdom of the people and the limitation of leadership to doing and saying what the people wanted. And he had in full measure the ambition of the American boy of the period:

> His was the accepted American view of life: One worked for definite ends, consciously visualized—to win a certain prize; to obtain a college degree; to be elected to a specific office; to amass a fortune; to be buried with imposing honors in a national cemetery under an elaborate monument. America was the creation of men who went about the business of life in this practical fashion, not of those who sought knowledge

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for its own sake or truth because lies and hypocrisy repelled them. The spirit of inquiry—the scientific spirit—that was abroad in the world in the 'seventies and 'eighties, no more than brushed the mind of William Jennings Bryan with its wings.

In the light of these origins the course of William J. Bryan is easy to understand, one swayed in turn by historic precedent, religious scruples, education, democratic faith and camouflaged ambition. He brought from the office of Lyman J. Trumbull, where he read law, a fear and hatred of monopoly and concentrated wealth as the great enemy of free institutions. He gained his first election to Congress by opposing sumptuary legislation, of course gratifying to the liquor interest. He mastered the tariff and made his first reputation by denouncing it as the most dangerous form of class legislation. His advocacy of free silver was an emotional crusade based on imperfect knowledge. Had he understood the currency question, he might have shelved the issue in 1900 by claiming that the results he demanded were being attained through the increase of the supply of gold. He spoke out against war, but though he may be pardoned for not knowing that the Spanish War was diplomatically avoidable, his grandstand play of accepting the colonelcy of Nebraska volunteers was another instance of self-delusion. He saw the looming monster of imperialism, but he helped McKinley push through the Senate the treaty with Spain which bound Porto Rico and the Philippines to us forever. His campaign of 1900 was thus rendered impotent; the issue was a *chose jugée*. Later as Secretary of State, he put through twenty-eight treaties of arbitration, but his failure to bring Germany in led to what he most feared: war, and his own *débâcle*. It must be confessed also, that this foe of imperialism initiated the occupation of Santo Domingo, drew up the treaty which deprived Nicaragua of its sovereignty, and sent the fleet to bombard Vera Cruz, a crime on all fours with Mussolini's bombardment of Corfu, and with less excuse.

In the World War, he tried to maintain the neutrality which Wilson proclaimed, but drew a subtle distinction between the floating or war loans in this country and the export of munitions, "which would not operate equally upon the nations at war." He saw the inconsistency of making the German submarine campaign a *casus belli*, while failing to hold Great Britain to strict account for its operation of the blockade. He signed the first Lusitania note, but messed up the situation by attempting to attenuate it in the Dumba interview. He resigned rather than sign the second note, but when the policy thus initiated led to the war which he had foreseen he, like the people he aspired to lead, "committed intellectual suicide." The rule of propaganda and the suppression of opinion found in him no protesting voice. After the War, he lent his support to Wilson to push the treaty of Versailles through the Senate without reservations to the Covenant, but that failing, he recommended its adoption with reservations. Perhaps if he had taken the hint given by the New York Tribune in 1916 to the effect that "Bryan was more responsible for Wilson than four years earlier," had put himself at the head of his party, which Wilson was unable to lead, and commanded the Democratic Senators to ratify the Treaty of Versailles with the reservations, he might have recovered all his prestige and authority. Undoubtedly the mass of his fellow countrymen of all parties would have applauded. But he failed to grasp this last opportunity. Bryan's political fortune was some 5,000,000 voters whom he had won in 1896. It is a political tragedy to watch the dissipation of that fortune from year to year, from campaign to campaign. In 1920 he had no seat in the Democratic Convention, and in 1924 he was howled down with his straddling plank on the Ku Klux Klan. Chautauqua, Florida land speculation, prohibition and evolution were the interests which he kept until his death.

All this Mr. Hibben has told in a clear, rapid, pungent style. One feels the author's own vivid personality in every line, and the whole performance is one to deepen the sense of regret that this is unhappily his last work. He draws abundantly on contemporary documents, and in matters of fact he is not likely to be caught napping, though his interpretation may sometimes be challenged in the interest of charity. He introduces his several sections by appropriate quotations from the Scriptures. One which he has not used but which might stand as the headnote of his book is Jacob's verdict on his eldest son, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Cannibals, Chinamen and Toys

Gold Coast Customs, and Other Poems, by Edith Sitwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 63 pages. $2.

Leaves in Windy Weather, by Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 88 pages. $2.

The King with Three Faces, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 120 pages. $2.

THE three women who publish these new volumes of verse are practised hands, technically competent, and adroit in expressing critical attitudes toward modern life which grow out of its rigorous experiences. Each is sure of her method and each is a woman of the immediate present, but of the three Miss Sitwell is undoubtedly most versatile in handling an unusually subtle mechanism of style, while her modernity, though less convincing and probably in reality a good deal more conventional than that of the other two women, is far more assertive, chafing within the restraints of a classical manner which heightens the effect of her stiff eloquence and angularity of feeling. Real eloquence and feeling, however, are present in "Gold Coast Customs" in greater abundance than in any of her previous collections. The decorous prettiness of "Troy Park" and "Sleeping Beauty," where amusing legends were crowded among neo-Victorian decorations or placed against highly glazed, satirical backgrounds, has given way to a serious interest in social and personal degeneration. The title poem sets its indictment of the vanity in wealthy society against the grim spectacle of cannibalism in Monbuttoo. After reading Hegel's "Philosophy of History" and Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa," Miss Sitwell proceeds to demonstrate "the superiority of our civilization over that of the Monbuttoos" with vehement sarcasm. Her picture of the throbbing jungle kingdom is drawn with the twisted perspectives that disguise an extremely remote and bookish knowledge of it, yet frequent effects of horror are conjured up which surpass those in "The Congo," and Lady Bamburgher's infamous parties which keep "our late heroes" selling matches in the gutter draw from Miss Sitwell's ordinarily tight lips a cry of wrath for wronged humanity recalling the high anguish (and even the phrases) of Blake's "Auguries of Innocence."

The volume's finest poem, "Metamorphosis," expresses man's inevitable and bitter complaint against Time, who feeds the cancer of change in every body, despoiling the

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creative ecstasy of youth and giving in exchange only the sterility or helplessness of age. Here an old melancholy theme is cast in terms of classical mythology, with lavish and complex descriptive configuration. By elaborating her imagery to the point of an extraordinary pictorial virtuosity, Miss Sitwell reveals anew her amazing technical resources. In the language of the English Augustans, she builds up a scheme of mock-heroic decoration which, aided by the passion lent to the theme by her tragic despair, bursts its limits and achieves classical beauty. A section of the Panope episode in this poem—an extensive Homeric diversion—shows concisely the larger beauty and sincerity which Miss Sitwell's book displays, adding necessary factors to the art of a woman whose work may, from now on, escape the rigid confinement she has imposed on it and so become a much more substantial and durable art than it has been in the past.

Eunice Tietjens now writes but sparingly in the free-verse forms which she employed with great distinction in "Profiles from China," and the reader of "Leaves in Windy Weather" comes in time to regret her rejection of a medium to which she brought an instinctive mastery and which, unlike these tamer and more obedient stanzas, gave fuller scope for her natural enthusiasm and high feeling. Although some of these poems are uneventfully sober and conventional, none is without the distinction of a genuine honest sentiment which never sanctions truculence or trite moralizing. Because this type of emotion is most convincing when it grows out of intimate experiences, the directly personal poems—"Requiem for a Faun," "Fire," "After War," the sonnet sequence, "From the Mountains," and particularly the exquisite monologue, "My Mother's House"—rather than the more ambitious narrative or historical pieces, contain the volume's greatest beauty. One cannot be sure of the closest fidelity in the translations of Chinese, Japanese, and modern Greek poems because they are based on French versions, but in the "Three Actor Pieces" the color and fantasy of the oriental theater are admirably reproduced with the authority of Mrs. Tietjens' discriminating observation. What "Leaves in Windy Weather" lacks in originality of design and outline, it supplies in emotional variety and in the intelligent clarity with which a lively human sympathy is defined.

Mrs. Seiffert's new book also calls for comparison with a former publication; by the contrast between it and her "Ballads of the Singing Bowl," it is easy to see that her skill in invention was allowed greater play in the ballads, where original symbols and gnomic allegories were fitted with delightful ingenuity into traditional forms. She is a poet who wastes few words and never squanders the resources of her richly stored mind. Her sonnets and lyrics are clean-cut and firm; at the same time, they do not sacrifice realism and vitality for the sake of that high austerity which, though it is becoming rather fashionable in current verse, remains the true property of only a few writers. However, one misses in the shorter poems the creative freshness of her narratives.

Happily we have the long title-poem: an allegory of modern life and of the tragedy which overtakes the soul whose proper desires are denied by it. Here the skillful narrative balance and the colorful dramatic characterization overshadow the rather worn symbolism and produce a memorable legend. Yet, ambitious and carefully modeled though this poem is, it is surpassed in point of technical skill and poignancy of feeling by the little play for toys, "Noah's Ark," with which the volume closes. In it reappear the fabulous exotic people and the magical events which Mrs. Sieffert devises with such ease and sophistication. One is able to forego the analysis of men and women in some of the sonnets and the sharp comments on modern life in the lyrics for this shapely and cutting little tragedy. The woman who wrote it has fully revealed herself as an unusual and independent figure in contemporary American poetry.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Culture as an Art

The Meaning of Culture, by John Cowper Powys. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 275 pages. $3.

THIS book is more of a confession than an argument. It deals much less with culture in general than it does with the culture of Mr. Powys himself in particular. It is interesting in the main because Mr. Powys himself is an interesting writer and an interesting personality. Whatever is rare in his book, then, is rare more in a personal sense than in any other. One might even say that this book which essays to deal with culture, ends up by being a poetic autobiography of a soul wandering among the higher places of thought.

Mr. Powys is concerned with culture as an individual possession and not as an expression of any specific *mores*. For him, culture is a state of mind which should exist despite rather than on account of civilization. His conception of culture has a curious poetry underlying it. Note his definition of it:

> Culture does not take up any dogmatic attitude with regard to the existence, or the non-existence, of God or of the gods. It recognizes irrational hopes and fears. It takes account of many rumors caught on passing winds, of many voices heard in solitary places, of many reef-bells over strange waters. It allows for queer second-thoughts and for startling, mysterious intimations that escape all logical capture. In its patient, slow, dreamy methods of waiting upon the motions of the spirit, culture comes to recognize that there are levels in human feeling that apparently belong to dimensions of existence beyond the chemistry, beyond the electric magnetism, of the whole stellar system.

Beneath all this vague description of culture, however, there is a very definite and unconcealed motivation. This motivation, running through the entire book, is to be found most clearly stated in the author's conception of the destiny of culture, which is "to save the individual." The individual is in danger of being absorbed in the industrial "hubbub" of our world. There is no breathing space for intellectual ease and no hope for emotional escape in our mechanistic civilization. Mr. Powys is in love with the old. For him, tall grasses and the slow stir of leaves at dusk mean something that modern life is unable to convey. The very rush of our existence, the mad chaos of our enterprise, defeat the calmer moods which should possess us as cultured individuals. What he fails to see is that culture, from his point of view, has almost completely disappeared. His plea for culture, therefore, is in vain. We live in a civilization which has no time for culture as he conceives it. In speaking of himself thus, he speaks for an old age, a dead age, and not for a new one—or even the present one.

We live in a world of twilight faiths. Mr. Powys, in his interpretation of the nature of culture would have us find a new faith. He aims to discover "in the instinctive and rationalized habits of human culture itself a sort of working

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substitute for the simpler religious faith of the past," and in his various chapters on Culture and Philosophy, Culture and Literature, Culture and Painting, Culture and Human Relations, he is ever seeking this elusive faith. While he never seems to find this faith anywhere except in himself, there is not a chapter in which he does not strike upon some illuminating idea or truth. His style is always so fertile in comparisons, and so rich in magic phrase, that the most commonplace observation often takes on a fresh garb.

Whatever weaknesses exist in the book are weaknesses in personal philosophy and not in error of statement or inadequacy of fact. They are the weaknesses of every man who tries to rationalize culture into an idealization of himself. I doubt whether any book on culture has ever been written like this before. When Clive Bell tries to tell us what civilization is, he attempts to be objective; but when John Cowper Powys tries to tell us what culture is, we know that he is only being subjective. In this fact, to be sure, lies a certain charm that is in the book, but therein also lies its essential weakness. "Not to possess absolute self-control," writes Mr. Powys, "is either to be always an uncultivated barbarian or to be, at moments, simply a madman or a madwoman." Such an assertion reveals a great deal of the personality of the author, but very little of the meaning of culture. After all, it is of little use to tell us that absolute self-control is a necessary attribute of the cultured man, when we know that few cultured men possess it—and when, in fact, according to the author's assertion, most cultured men are "madmen." What would have had value would have been an analysis of those social controls that induce self-control, and an interpretation of culture and the cultured man in terms of the civilization of which he is the product. In oriental civilizations where individuality is not emergent, exhortation in behalf of self-control is unnecessary. In occidental civilizations, on the other hand, where individuality is praised and pampered, it is equally useless to exhort men to exert "absolute self-control" over themselves when everything in their civilization renders that impossible. To urge a worker who is oppressed by employer and landlord and is in a mood to strike or protest, to manifest "absolute self-control" over his behavior is nothing short of absurdity. Therein rests the destructive contradiction in Mr. Powys's logic. Mr. Powys writes of culture as if it could be the universal possession of all, when in reality he should have stressed the fact that it can never be the possession of all until we have a new civilization in which *all* will have an equal opportunity in life.

V. F. CALVERTON.

What Does Canada Think?

Canada and the United States, by Hugh L. Keenleyside. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 438 pages. $4.

MR. KEENLEYSIDE has written a simple, clear and straightforward account of something that needed to be stated in just that way—the history of the relations between the United States and Canada.

In America, the occasional controversies between the two countries pass almost unnoticed, because our dealings with Canada are overshadowed by our other foreign affairs. In Canada, however, the same disputes leave a lasting impression, because the one fact that the Dominion cannot overlook is its powerful and overwhelming southern neighbor. While many Canadians harbor more or less coherent grudges against the States, the majority of Americans are blissfully unconscious that their government has ever done anything to offend the Dominion. By presenting and analyzing the Canadian viewpoint towards this country, and also the American side of the question, Mr. Keenleyside has performed a valuable service in clearing up international misunderstanding.

The author finds that the causes of anti-American sentiment in Canada run back to the Revolutionary War, and the emigration to Canada of thousands of Tories who were opposed to the rebellion of the thirteen colonies. The deep-rooted antipathy towards the new-formed republic which these Loyalists carried with them across the border formed an excellent basis for future discord, which was not diminished by the American invasion of Canada in the War of 1812. On top of this came tactless talk of annexing Canada. "Manifest Destiny" seemed to have a northerly tilt, and neither the American press nor the American government had any understanding of the fundamental loyalty of Canada to England. Expeditions fitted out on American territory aided and abetted the Canadan rebellion of 1837, which represented the desires of only a small minority of the Canadians. The failure of the United States to prevent these unneutral acts on its soil was a grievance to the loyal majority. After the American Civil War, Irish-Americans, who had carried to the United States their hatred of the British Empire, organized armies in Chicago, and attacked England via Canada—while the United States government again played the provoking role of an unneutral spectator. When no sensational controversies were afoot, there were always disputes over trade, water rights, or boundaries, some of which were settled by none-too-satisfactory methods.

The most interesting portion of Mr. Keenleyside's study is the chapter dealing with the Dominion's reactions to American neutrality during the first part of the World War. The failure of the United States to protest against the German invasion of Belgium as a treaty violation was incomprehensible to the Canadians, who had been led to believe that the United States was a champion of international law. The superiority complex which neutrality and war prosperity caused in this country was likewise obnoxious to the Dominion. "The declaration of Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, that the United States was 'now in the dominant moral position in the world' was greeted with biting sarcasm north of the international boundary, for among Canadians it was felt that they, rather than the Americans, had recognized and accepted the task of fighting to maintain the moral standards of civilization." Post-war controversies as to who won the War and whether the inter-Allied debts should be paid were further obstacles to a tranquil "cousinly" relationship between the two countries.

Underneath the author's easy-running style, and interesting, unpretentious statement of both sides of the question, there is much sound scholarship. Many spicy quotations from the Canadian and American press add vividness to his explanation of the various issues. On the several important and entertaining boundary controversies he dwells at some length, giving maps showing the territory claimed by each side and the line finally agreed to. Theoretical advocates of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes will find considerable food for thought in his description of how arbitration has worked in actual practice in North America. "Canada and the United States" should be well digested by all who are interested in understanding the foreign relations of the United States.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY.

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The Congo

Then I Saw the Congo, by Grace Flandrau. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 318 pages. $3.50.

Congo Gods, by Otto Lütken. Translated from the Danish. New York: Coward-McCann. 255 pages. $2.

GRACE FLANDRAU has carefully subordinated Vachel Lindsay's thumping imaginative poem to the vast realities of her own knowledge of the Belgian Leopold's Afric Empire. She seldom sees the "tattooed cannibals"; she seldom hears the "blood-lust song"; but her Congo is actual and her people are real. It may be ventured that Grace Flandrau entered the heart of darkest Africa in the role of an iconoclast. In her book, the great river pours into the sea as bare of illusion as the black and brown natives who prance on its banks are bare of clothes; and yet it is not entirely divested of romance.

"Then I Saw the Congo" is illustrated from a motion picture filmed by an expert cameraman who accompanied Grace Flandrau's expedition. Without hokum properly injected, says the author, this movie could not but be a commercial failure, because it shows the Congo as it is, instead of as it is not. The Flandrau party went through the Belgian Congo and what was formerly German East Africa, traveling as easily and comfortably, in trains and steamboats and automobiles, as might have been done in Europe or the United States.

But distance lends enchantment. Miss Flandrau says: "Already the outlines between truth and fiction are becoming a little blurred. Already the lady explorers seem in a perilous way, and when I see our pygmies threatening us with their tiny arrows I am beginning to forget the difficulties we had in showing them how to do it."

Because it is written without either bias or buncombe, "Then I Saw the Congo" is a travel book that is genuinely informative. It is also interesting reading.

"Congo Gods" is not. In the first place, the title is misleading and inept. Chembe, alias Mungo-Monêne, is the only Congo god mentioned in the book's 255 pages, of which he occupies perhaps three. The rest of the book has to do with the silly exploits of an even sillier little Belgian clerk and his voluptuous Negro mistress, and the mighty manner in which Masua, an educated savage, leads a troop of soldiers to destroy their officers.

SAMUEL MILTON ELAM.

Notes on Novels

War Bugs, by Charles MacArthur. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

WHEN properly used, the vernacular is easy to read and entertaining. And more than slang is properly used in this book. The author is a master of vaudeville in the highest sense of that word. He can make you laugh and weep. Through the "wise-cracking" diary of an Illinois artillery private you are dragged pell-mell across the last year of the War in France. The horrors of systematized death are not belittled. Little crawling things are never hungry. Primitive relaxation is found in alcohol, among other things. Words are not minced. Physical exhaustion is pushed to the limit. From Pershing to the callowest ribbon-counter second lieutenant, the officers are subjected to gruelling "raspberries." This book could have been written only by a man who fought first in the last and

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winning year of the struggle. It has immense vitality. If some of it is crude, much of it is filled with humanity. Its virtuosity is tempered by sincerity. There are thrilling passages. It is a good mixture and will surely sell.

C. A. C.

The Beautiful Years, by Henry Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE child psychology involved in "The Beautiful Years" is, if not strikingly original or profoundly understanding, at any rate accurate and vivid to the extent of Mr. Williamson's powers of observation. In Willie Maddison, the eight-year-old protagonist of the novel, the author has portrayed an imaginative youngster full of seemingly contradictory impulses, and he has made these contradictions appear human, and therefore consistent. Mr. Williamson's interest seldom crosses the boundary of the ordinary, however: Willie Maddison, in spite of his blending of timidity, boldness, callousness, and sensitive qualities, never quite emerges as a genuinely new character. Nor does an inventory of the rest of the book, with its background of middle and lower-class English country life, reveal any surprising innovation. There is John Maddison, the stern and mysterious father living in the lonely old house where, upon a night when owls hooted, Willie's mother had died. Biddy the cook, responsible for most of Willie's upbringing, is a familiar figure, as is Dolly, the timidly wild young servant girl whose idyll furnishes the book's love interest. There is, finally, Jim Holloman, the "mazed" crow-starver, one of those village idiots without whom, apparently, no English novel is thought complete. Mr. Williamson has given full scope to his forte: Hudsonesque passages descriptive of wood and field and animal life are abundantly distributed throughout the book. "Bob had breathed the soul of the flowers during all the years, heard the slumbrous hum of the bees, in harmony with the trickle and plash of birdsong afar and near, until his mind had their simplicity and sweetness." K. F.

In the issue of October 23 in a book review of Robert Graves's poems, the publisher was listed as E. P. Dutton and Company. This should have been Doubleday, Doran and Company.

Contributors

HARRY W. LAIDLER is the executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, and author of several book on economics.

MARY HEATON VORSE is an American novelist, the author of "Growing Up," "Men and Steel," and other books.

ESTON EVERETT ERICSON is assistant professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh.

FANNIE HURST is the well known novelist.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT is the author of "John Brown's Body."

LEWIS MUMFORD, critic of American life and letters, is the author of "The Story of Utopias," "Herman Melville," and other books.

V. F. CALVERTON is one of the editors of The Modern Quarterly, and is co-editor of "Sex in Civilization."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is professor of English in Loyola University and associate editor of Poetry.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, now on the executive staff of the National League of Women Voters.

SAMUEL MILTON ELAM is the author of a life of George Borrow, and of a recent article in The New Republic called, "Pick and Shovel Stiffs."

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THOMAS MUNROE—Jan. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Thomkins Square Branch Library—8:30 P. M.

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